

BATMAN
No.31

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



OCT...NOV
TEN CENTS



Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
CHM Study Association of America

BESS E. LANE

Educational Director
United Parents Association

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight
Boxing Champion
Member, Executive Board
New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following magazines all bear this
trademark as your guarantee of
the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL FUNNY COMICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
DETECTIVE COMICS
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



ANTELOPE

AS SMART AS HE'S NIMBLE,
WHEN HE BUYS COMICS,
HE LOOKS FOR THIS SYMBOL!



— ON THE COVER OF
**ACTION
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!

IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY
COMIC
MAGAZINE!

BATMAN, No. 31—Oct. Nov. 1948. Published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 430 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. P. O. License No. 20810. Entered as second class matter Aug. 5, 1911 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription is the U. S. \$ 3.00 including postage. For advertising rates address Richard

A. Prince & Co., 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1948 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and likenesses appearing in this publication are strictly imaginary and fictional, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.
Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN

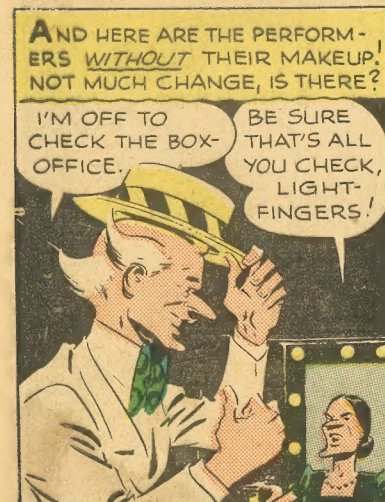
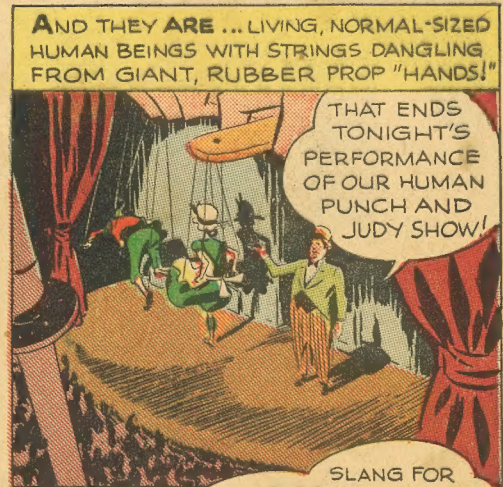
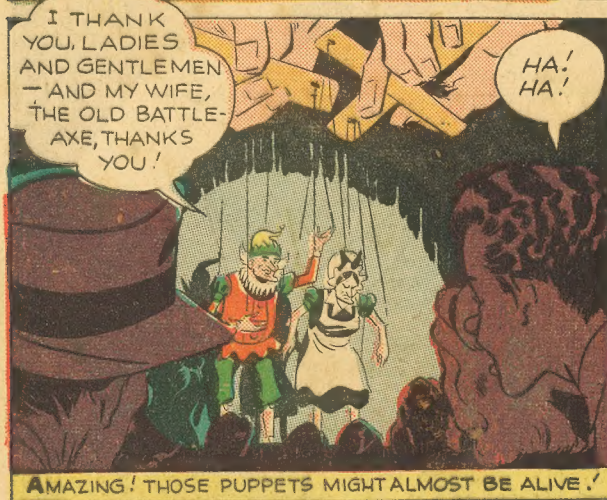
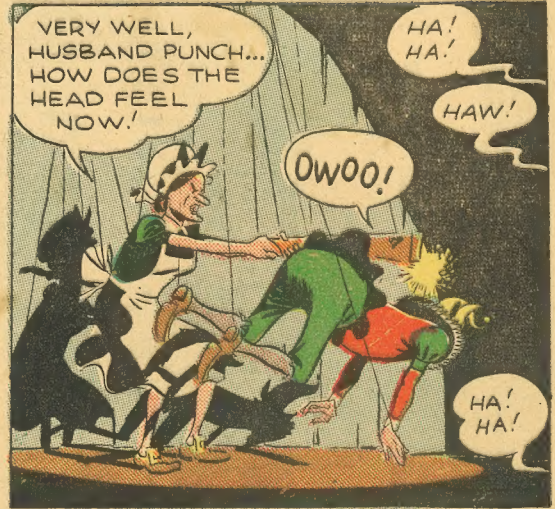
WITH
DORIN

PUNCH AND JUDY
FIGHT FOR A PIE,
PUNCH GIVES JUDY
A KNOCK IN THE EYE.
SAYS PUNCH TO JUDY:
"WILL YOU HAVE
ANY MORE?"
SAYS JUDY TO PUNCH,
"MY EYE IS TOO SORE."
~ OLD NURSERY RHYME ~

BOB
KANE



INTRODUCING
IN THIS ISSUE —
Punch and Judy,
THAT COUPLE SO WELL
VERSED IN THE ART OF SAR-
CASM AND SQUABBLE!
BUT THAT ISN'T ALL!
THEY'RE PAST MASTERS IN
FLIM-FLAMMERY TOO...
AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**
QUICKLY FIND OUT!
So without further ado we give you
**Punch
and
Judy!**





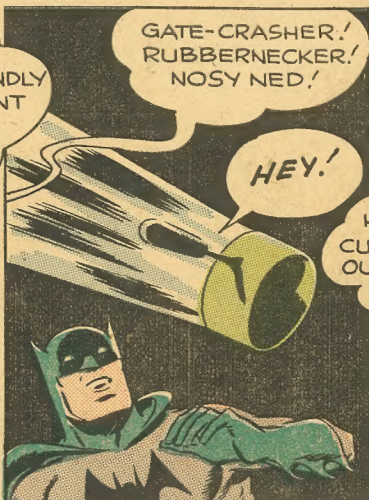


BATMAN



NOW IF YOU TWO WOULD ONLY CALM DOWN...

SOME NERVE! A HUSBAND N' WIFE CAN'T HAVE A FRIENDLY LITTLE ARGUMENT WITHOUT SOME MASQUERADERS BUTTING IN!



GATE-CRASHER! RUBBERNECKER! NOSY NED!

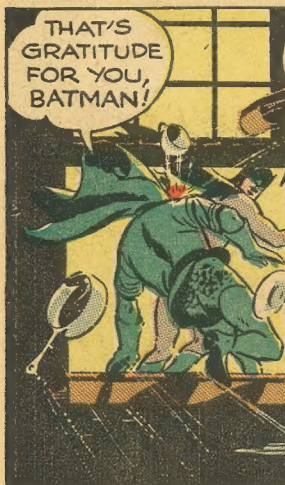
HEY!

HEY! CUT THAT OUT OR I'LL...



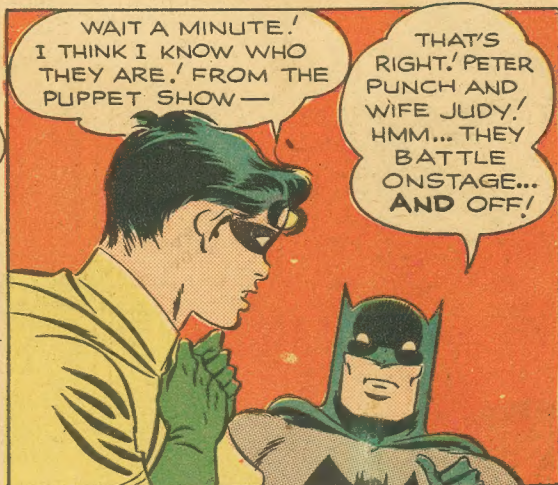
POKENOSE! SCRAM! BLOW!

MAYBE YOU CAN'T TAKE A HINT, ROBIN... BUT I CAN!



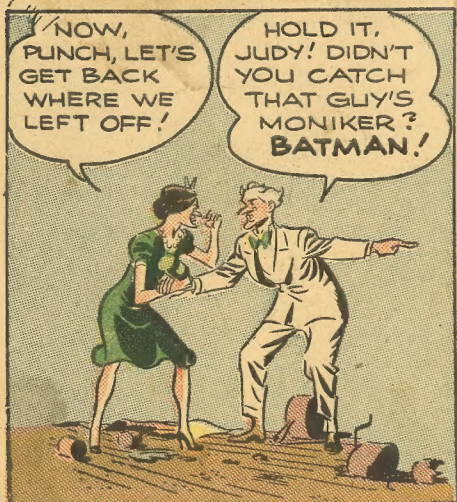
THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU, BATMAN!

WE DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE POKING OUR NOSES INTO A PRIVATE WAR BETWEEN A MAN AND WIFE!



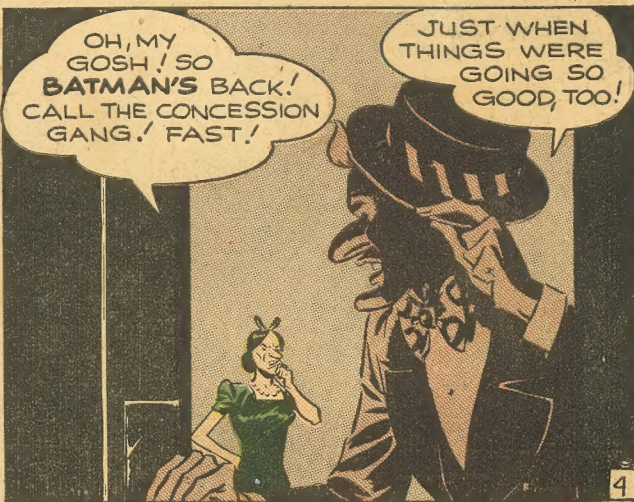
WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I KNOW WHO THEY ARE! FROM THE PUPPET SHOW —

THAT'S RIGHT, PETER PUNCH AND WIFE JUDY! HMM... THEY BATTLE ONSTAGE... AND OFF!



NOW, PUNCH, LET'S GET BACK WHERE WE LEFT OFF!

HOLD IT, JUDY! DIDN'T YOU CATCH THAT GUY'S MONIKER? **BATMAN!**

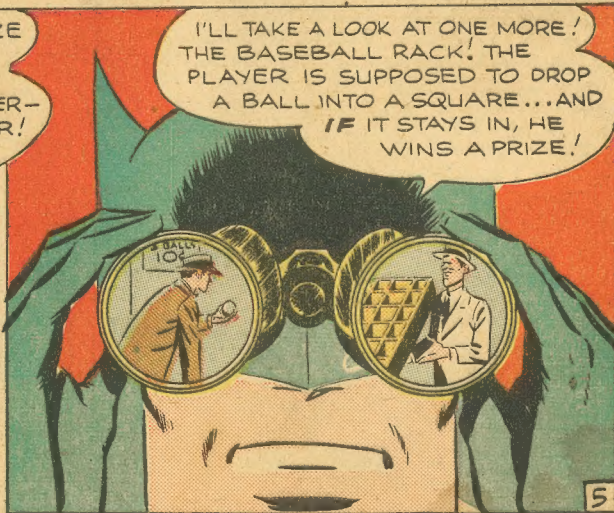
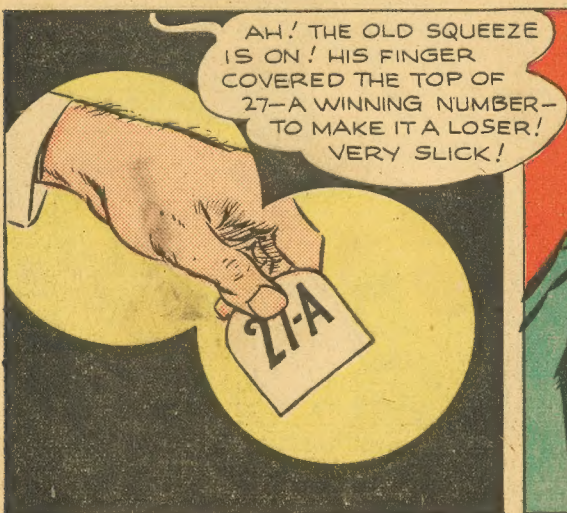
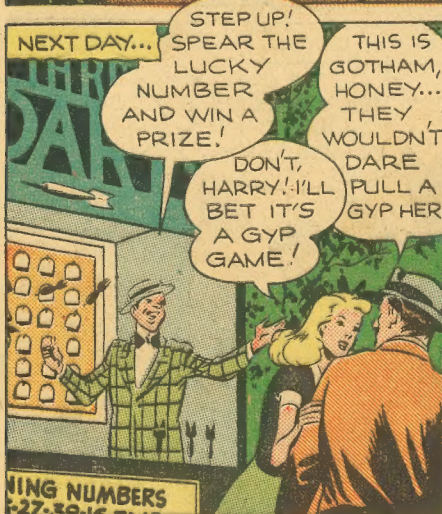
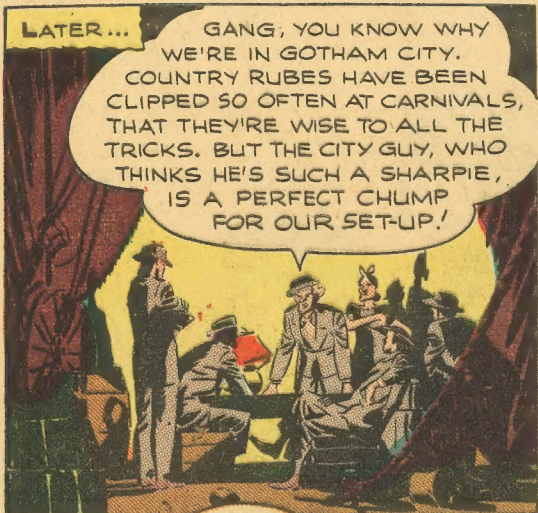


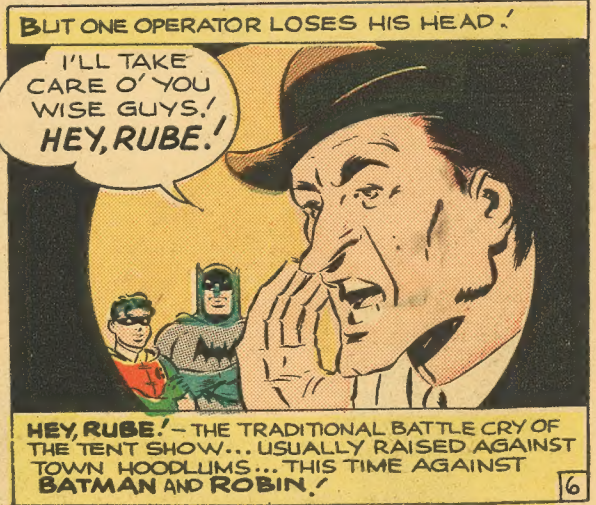
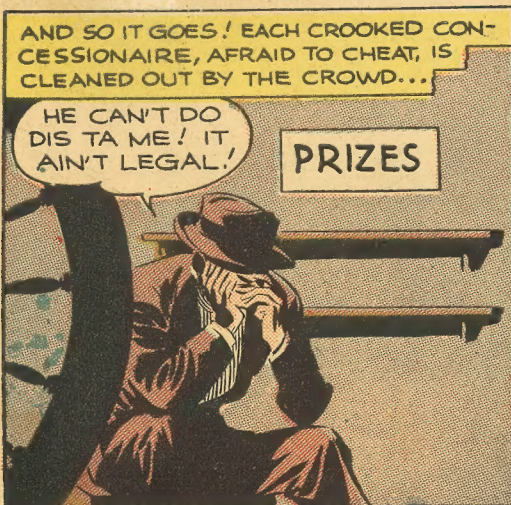
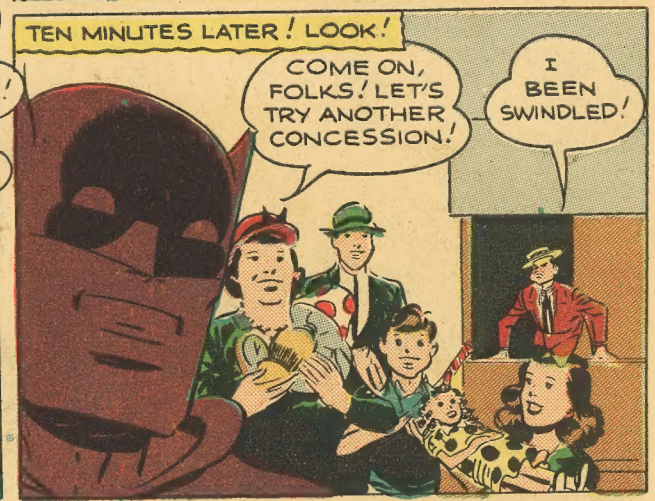
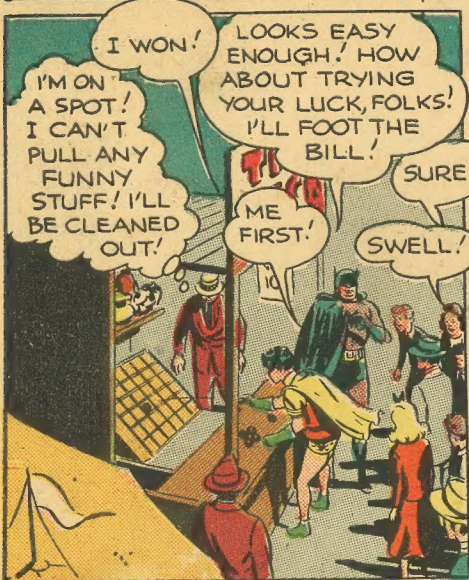
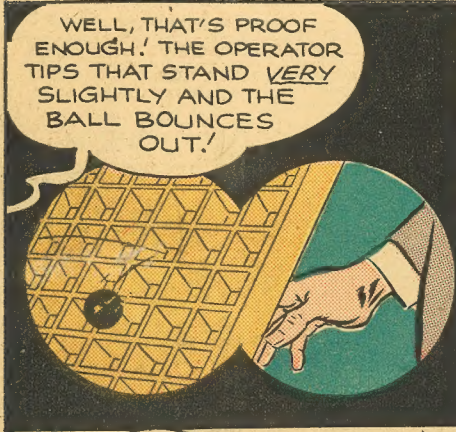
OH, MY GOSH! SO **BATMAN'S** BACK! CALL THE CONCESSION GANG! FAST!

JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GOING SO GOOD, TOO!



BATMAN

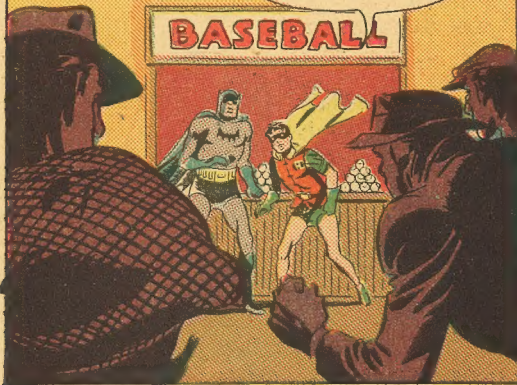




TOUGH CIRCUS ROUSTABOUTS ANSWER THE CALL!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT HERE COMES TROUBLE!

BASEBALL



YOU'RE SLIPPING, BATMAN - YOU MISSED ONE!

WELL, I DON'T PITCH FOR THE SCHOOL TEAM THE WAY YOU DO EVERY SATURDAY!



HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE? I NEVER FORGET A JAW!



NOW, BOYS... ALL TOGETHER...

OOF!

A SHRILL VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE SOUND OF FISTS AND GRUNTS...

STOP! WHAT IS THIS... A CARNIVAL OR A FREE-FOR-ALL!

IT'S THE BOSS!

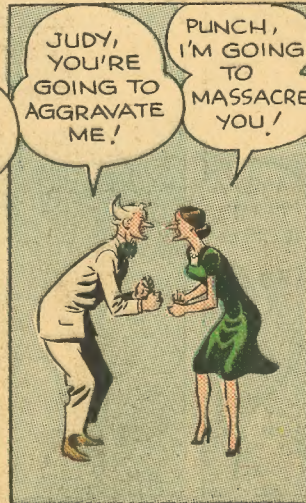
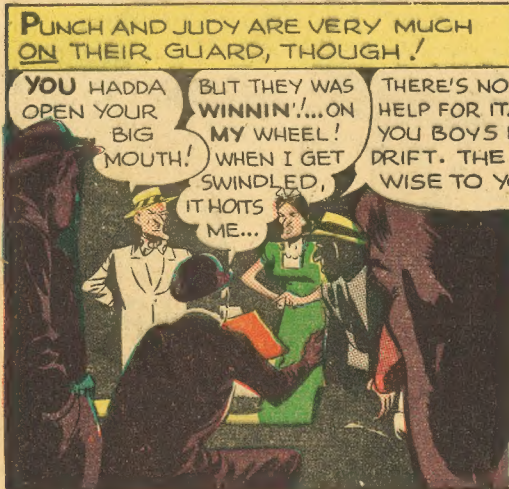
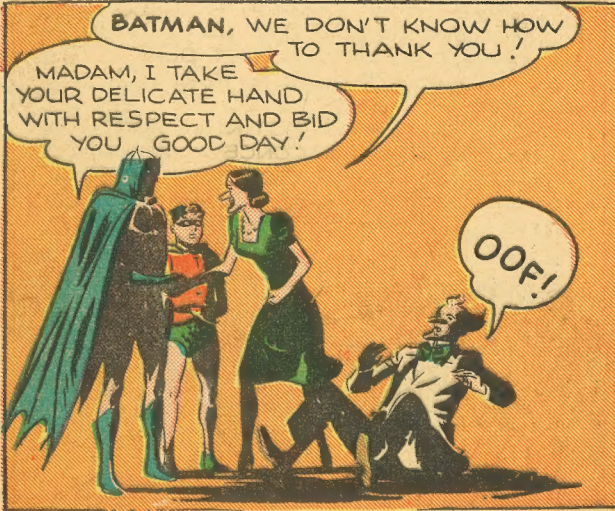


AH! HELLO, BOSS! DID YOU KNOW YOU HAVE GRIFTERS IN YOUR CARNIVAL?

GRIFTERS! THAT'S TERRIBLE! THEY'RE FIRED! I'LL KICK THEM OFF MY LOT! GRIFT, GRIFT!

GRIFTERS! OH, THE SHAME OF IT! CATCH ME, SOMEBODY... I FEEL FAINT!





COMES THE CALM!

PUNCH, MY BRAIN-BOX IS TICKING OUT AN IDEA! **BATMAN** IS GOING TO BE OUR FALL-GUY!

JUDY... Y-YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT? MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE KONKED YOU ON THE HEAD SO HARD!

NEXT DAY...

IF WE ONLY HAD SOME ACROBATS, SOME STUNTMEN... BIG NAMES TO MAKE THE FUND A SUCCESS...

Y/SEE, WE INTENDED TO ASK THE MAYOR TO LET OUR CARNEY OPEN IN CENTRAL PARK, THE PROCEEDS TO GO TO CHARITY... BUT NOW, WITH OUR CONCESSIONS GONE...

HMM... MAYBE **ROBIN** AND I CAN OBLIGE!

SEE? I KNEW HE'D BITE! THE CHARITY GATE WILL BE BIG... BUT WE'LL BE THE CHARITY IT'S GOIN' TO!

A CHARITY OFFER COMING FROM THOSE TWO SHARP CHARACTERS? WE'D BETTER BE ON OUR TOES!

NEXT DAY! CENTRAL PARK! THE MAGIC NAMES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN DRAW AN OVERFLOW CROWD...

STOP SHOIVING, BUD!

MOMMY, WILL I SEE WOBIN, TOO?

TODAY ONLY! **BATMAN AND ROBIN** IN PERSON

THE SHOW IS ON... AND AFTER THE PUNCH AND JUDY "PUPPET" ACT...

HERE THEY ARE... **BATMAN...**

AND **ROBIN.**

IT'S THEM!

THE CROWD IS TENSE AS MAN AND BOY HURTL THROUGH A SERIES OF DARE-DEVIL THRILLS!

AND NOW, THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL AERIAL STUNTS ' AT 12,000 FEET IN THE SKY **BATMAN** WILL FLY LIKE A HUMAN BAT. ' **PRESENTING - THE BATMAN GLIDE!**

ROBIN, I'VE A HUNCH IF THEY DO ANYTHING, IT WILL BE **NOW...** WHILE I'M STUCK UP IN THE SKY. ' KEEP TABS ON PUNCH AND JUDY!

OKAY... AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

THE INSTANT THE PLANE TAKES OFF, PUNCH AND JUDY HURRY TO THE PUPPET TENT...

YOU TIMED IT OKAY. ' I SOLD EVERY TICKET. ' HERE'S THE DOUGH! COMES TO PLENTY... AND DON'T FORGET MY CUT.!

DON'T WORRY PETE... THERE'S ENOUGH FOR THE THREE OF US! NOW LET'S BLOW BEFORE **BATMAN** LANDS.!

SO **BATMAN** WAS RIGHT! YOU **ARE** CROOKS.!

ROBIN! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE KID!

OH!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID... WE'RE CROOKS.!

SEE, I FIX THINGS RIGHT. I EVEN FIXED **BATMAN!** I CUT HIS CHUTE ROPES. ' BOY, IS HE GONNA TAKE A BOUNCE!

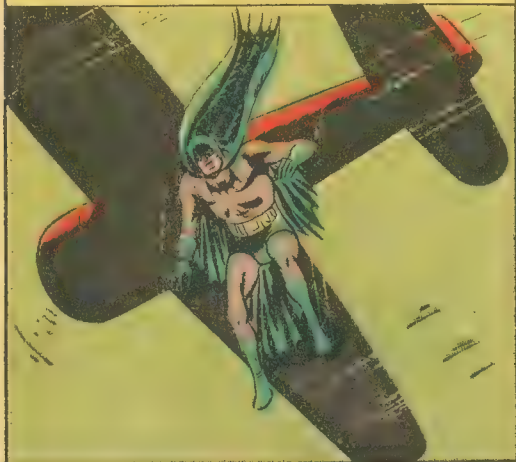
Y-YOU CUT THE CHUTE ROPES?

BUT THAT'S MURDER! ME 'N JUDY DON'T MIND DOING SWINDLES... BUT MURDER! COUNT US OUT.!

OKAY, THEN YOU'RE OUT... ALL THE WAY. ' YOU'RE GOIN' TO TIE EACH OTHER UP, I'LL TAKE **ALL** THE DOUGH AND SCRAM.!

DOUBLE-CROSSED.!

AT THAT INSTANT, 12,000 FEET ABOVE EARTH, **BATMAN** STEPS INTO SPACE!



DIVING EARTH-WARD AT 60 MILES PER HOUR, WEBBED WINGS FLAPPING, **BATMAN** BEGINS HIS FLIGHT!



AT 5,000 FEET, **BATMAN** PULLS THE RIPCORD OF HIS CHUTE! IT MUSHROOMS OPEN—AND IS TORN FROM HIS BACK!

HE'S FALLING!

EEEE!

I CAN'T LOOK!



WHEELING AND GLIDING TO CATCH THE WIND, **BATMAN** CUTS HIS SPEED TO SOAR AT 30 MILES PER HOUR AND MANEUVERS LIKE A HUMAN BAT!



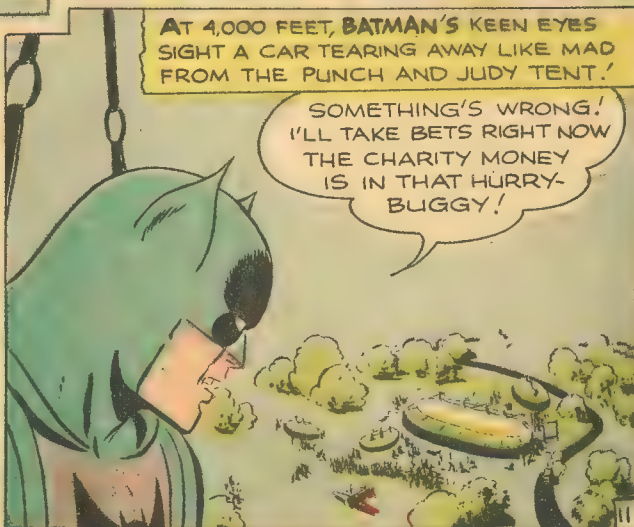
BUT... **BATMAN** HAS A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE... A **SECOND** CHUTE!



IT'S A GOOD THING I HAVE FORE-SIGHT!

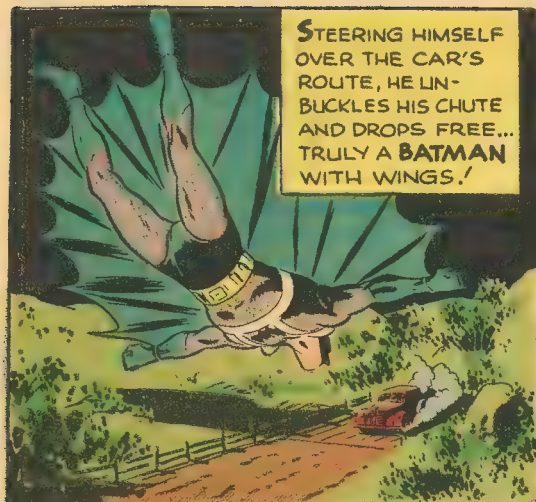
AT 4,000 FEET, **BATMAN'S** KEEN EYES SIGHT A CAR TEARING AWAY LIKE MAD FROM THE PUNCH AND JUDY TENT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'LL TAKE BETS RIGHT NOW THE CHARITY MONEY IS IN THAT HURRY-BUGGY!

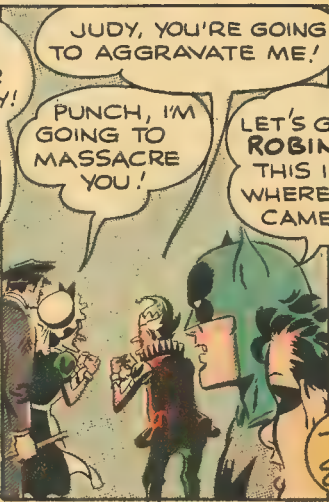
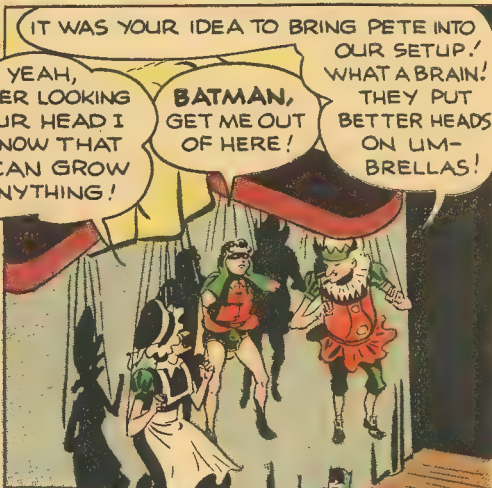
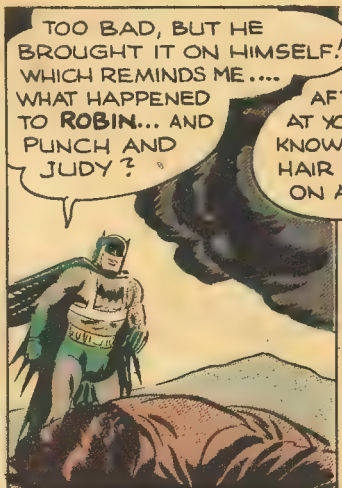
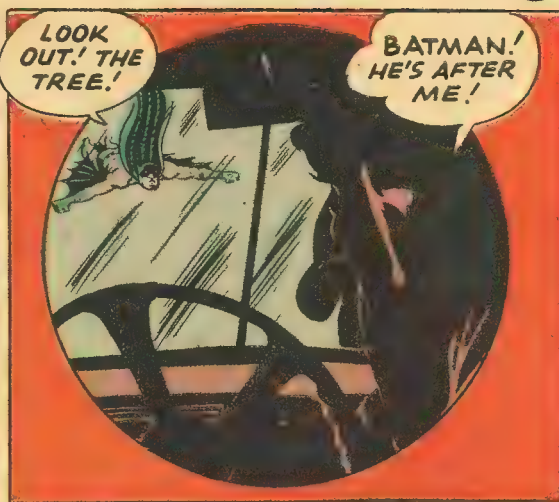




BATMAN



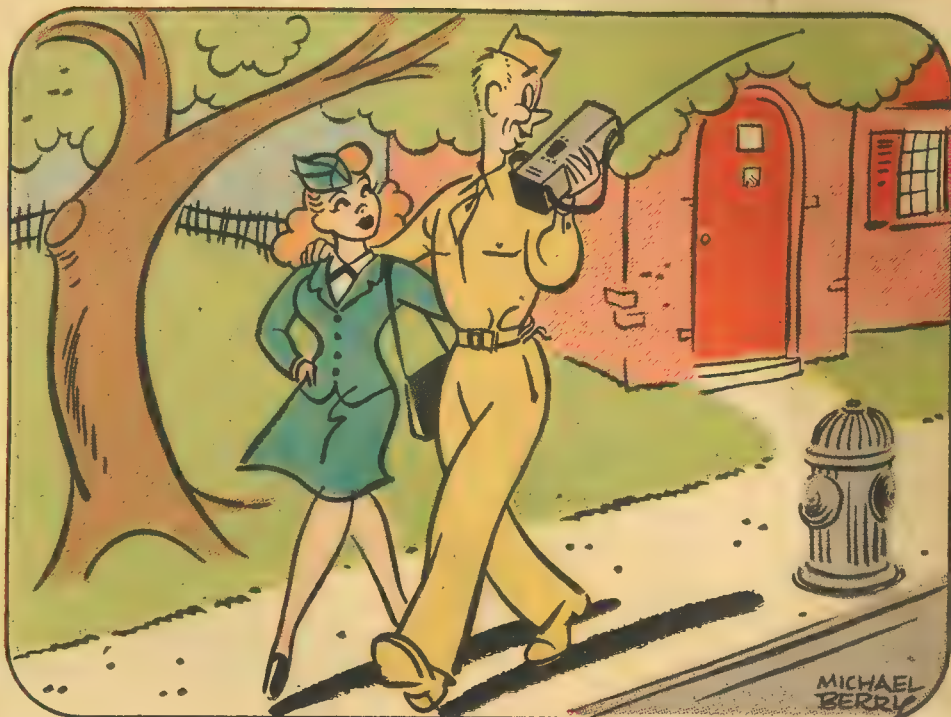
STEERING HIMSELF OVER THE CAR'S ROUTE, HE UN-BUCKLES HIS CHUTE AND DROPS FREE... TRULY A **BATMAN** WITH WINGS!



ANOTHER EPISODE OF THAT AFFECTIONATE COUPLE, PUNCH AND JUDY COMING SOON!
Watch for it!

The End!

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Just a minute, sarge, until I switch over to short wave."

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the Doughboy Does It!"

GOOD NEWS—"Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are back!

Since Pearl Harbor, they have powered the famous walkies-talkies and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces.

Now, the War Production Board has authorized production of these famous "B" batteries for civilian radios. Chances are, you'll find them at your dealer's now.

Remember—size for size "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are the most powerful "B" batteries ever made.

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.



EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

YOUR COACH:

Bernie Bierman

LEARN YOUR FOOTBALL FUNDAMENTALS FROM THE CHAMPION COACH OF MINNESOTA'S FAMOUS GOLDEN GOPHERS

START NOW to play champion-style, Bierman-brand football. GET your copy of "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?"—32-page, picture-packed, book by the great coach of the record-breaking Minnesota teams. Bernie Bierman, FAMOUS DEVELOPER OF ALL-AMERICANS, shows you just how to kick, pass, tackle, block, and run—gives you many of the same tips he gives his national championship teams.

Yes! There's real inside dope on playing your game the champion way in Wheaties new Library of Sports books. Here's the all-star line-up:

1. Want to be a Football Champion? 2. Want to be a Baseball Champion? 3. Want to be a Basketball Champion? (For Boys) 4. Want to be a Swimming Champion? 5. Want to be a Golf Champion? (For Boys) 6. Want to be a Tennis Champion? (For Girls) 7. Want to be a Softball Champion? 8. Want to be a Bowling Champion? 9. Want to be a Basketball Champion? (For Girls) 10. Want to be a Tennis Champion? (For Boys) 11. Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Track Events) 12. Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Field Events) 13. Want to be a Golf Champion? (For Girls) 14. Want to be a Home and Neighborhood Games Champion? **START YOUR COLLECTION** with any two books. Circle title numbers in coupon below—and mail today!

BERNIE BIERMAN SAYS:

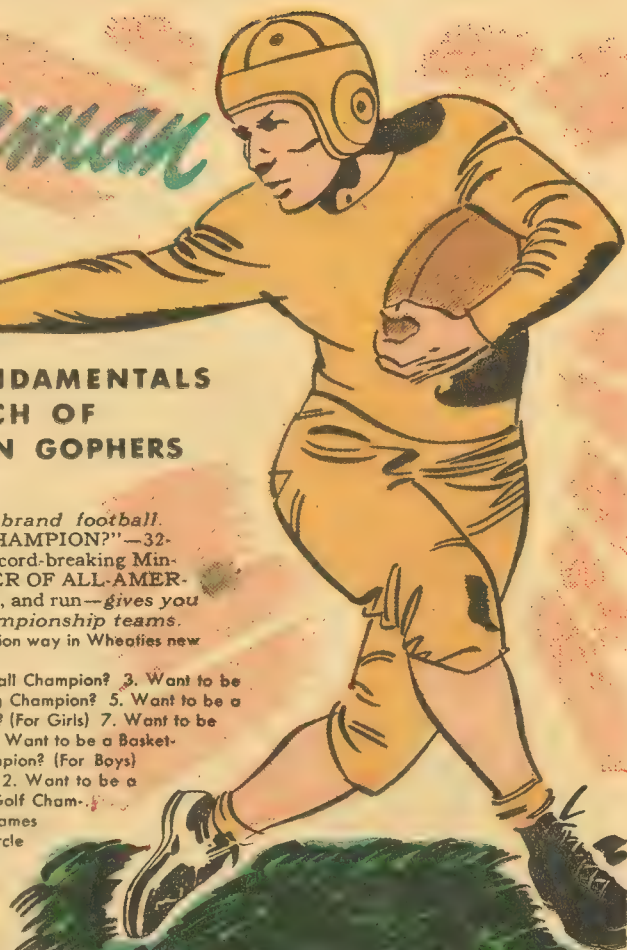
"I'm in favor of a big breakfast for the boys on my teams—one that includes lots of food-energy and other important nourishment, like you get in that well-known 'Breakfast of Champions.' Those toasted whole wheat flakes called Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit, make a mighty fine training dish. And I notice Wheaties have a keen flavor that rates ace high with hungry football players."



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



USE COUPON BELOW

Or mail your order to Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 109, Minneapolis 15, Minn. Order books in pairs only. But order as many pairs as you want. Send ONE star from top of Wheaties package and 10c for each set of TWO books. Offer expires August 1, 1946.

ORDER YOUR BOOKS TODAY

Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 109
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please send me the champion books I have circled below. I enclose ONE star from top of Wheaties package and 10c for each set of TWO books.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		10	11	12	13	14		

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

THE Adventures of ALFRED

VERSATILE IS THE WORD FOR ALFRED, BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY! USUALLY HE'S A MAN OF ACTION...BUT WHEN NEED ARISES, DON'T BE SURPRISED TO FIND HIM A CALM, THOUGHTFUL STUDENT OF SKULLDUGGERY, WHO SOLVES MYSTERIES AND COMBATS CRIME AS...



"ALFRED, ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE!"

HIS DUTIES AS BUTLER IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME TEMPORARILY FINISHED, ALFRED RELAXES...

BY JOVE, THIS DETECTIVE IS UNBELIEVABLE!

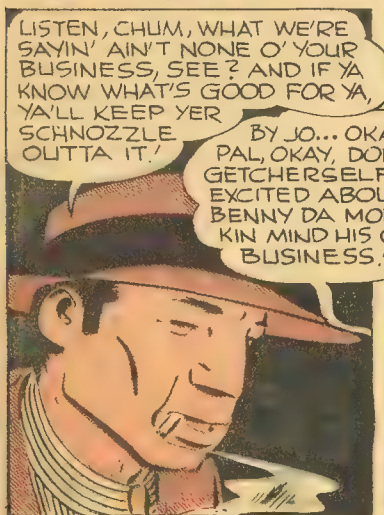
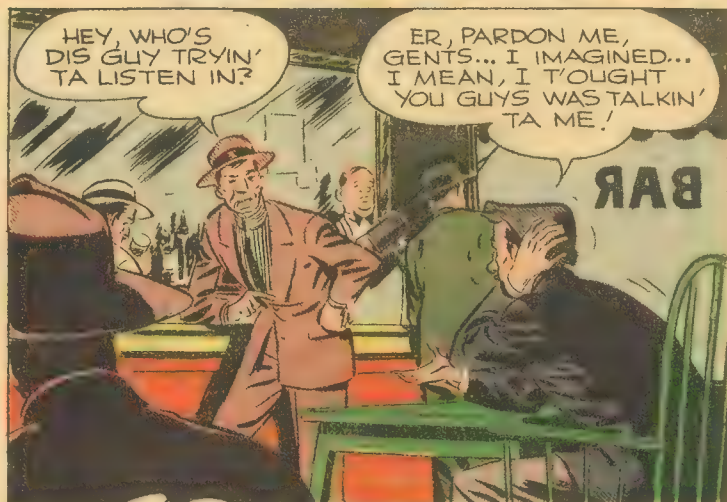
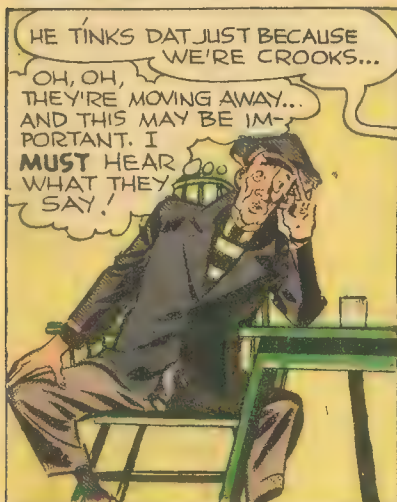
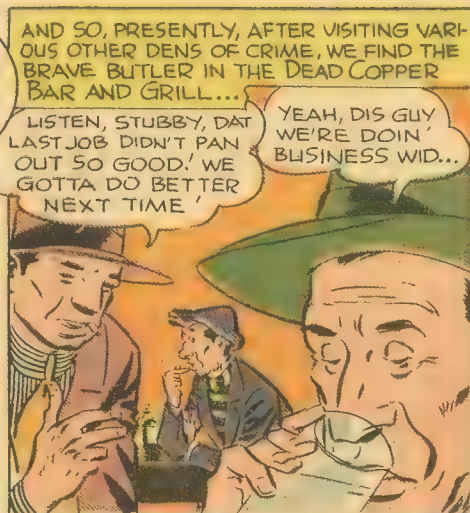
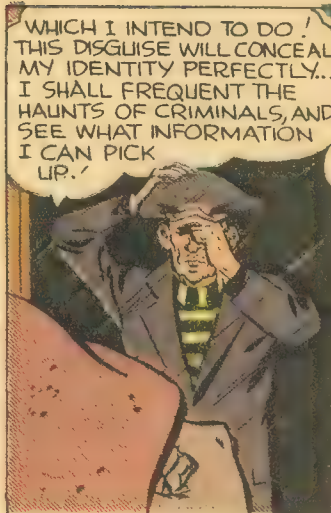
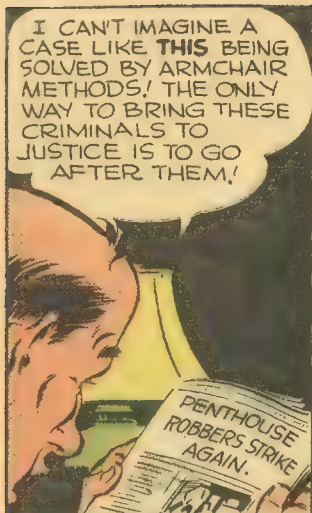


THE BAFFLED POLICE BRING HIM THEIR CLUES... AND WITHOUT STIRRING FROM HIS ARMCHAIR, HE SOLVES THE ENTIRE CASE FOR THEM!



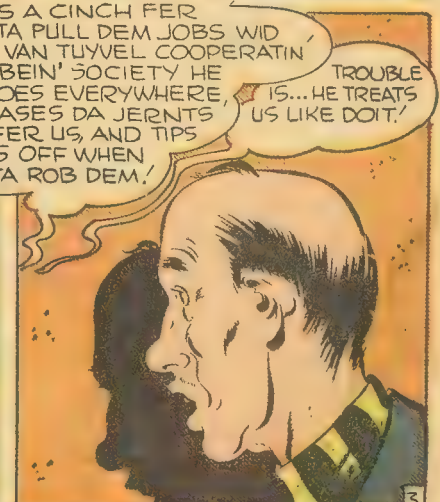
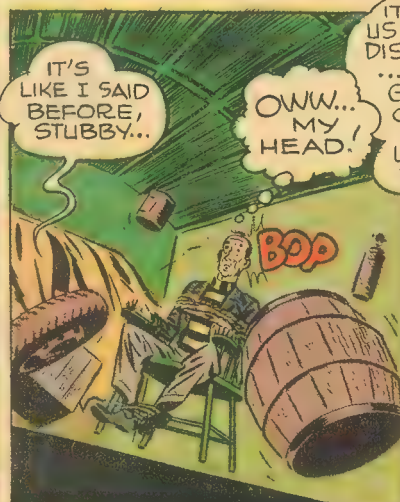
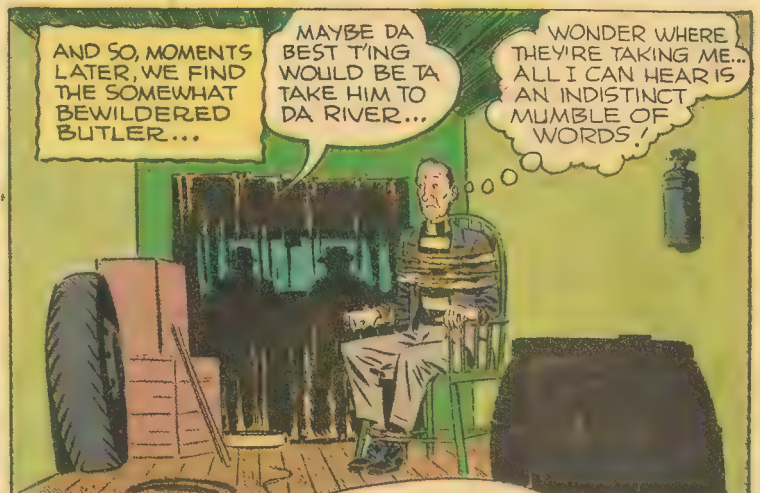
WHAT DREADFUL TOSH! QUITE UNTRUE TO LIFE, AS I SHOULD KNOW!

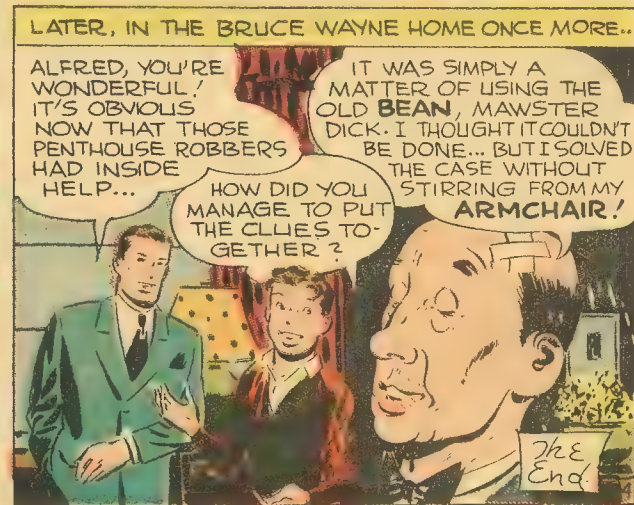
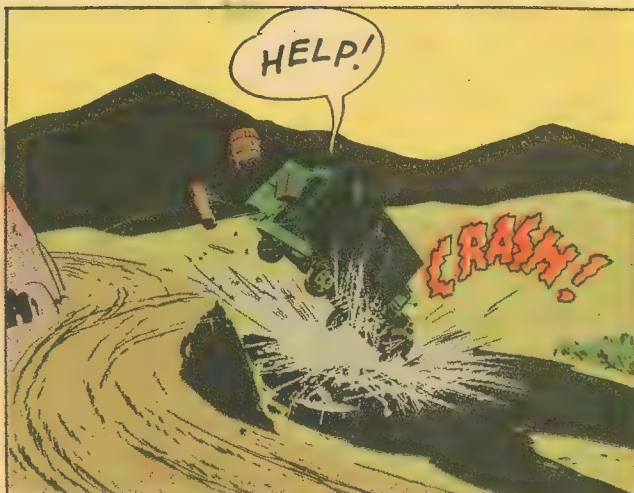
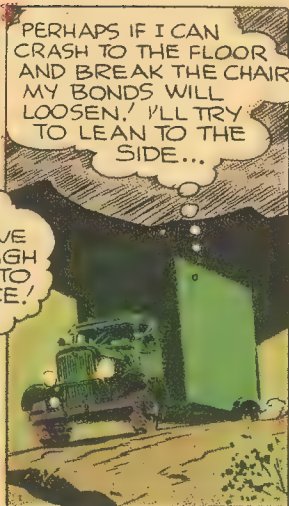
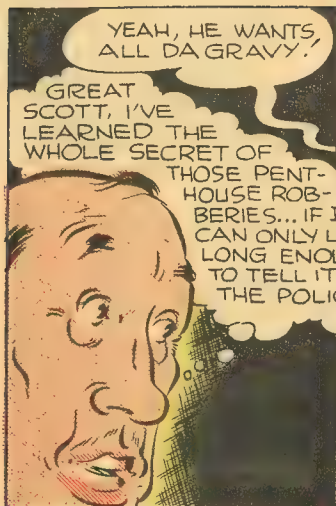




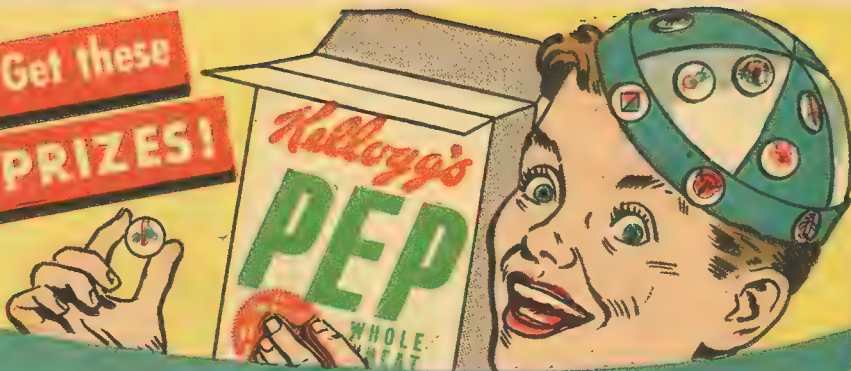


BATMAN





Hey, Gang! Get these
GREAT PRIZES!



Swell MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

One in Every
Package of PEP

22 DIFFERENT AUTHENTIC
DESIGNS! Get 'em all!

FELLOWS and gals! Be sure you don't miss up on these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons! There's one in every package of your favorite, crisp, crunchy cereal—Kellogg's PEP! And are they terrific!

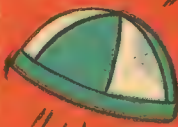
You'll have loads of fun trading them with your gang—just to see who gets a full set of 22 different buttons first! Every button is made of real metal, shiny and smart, in actual colors of the regulation army, navy and marine insignia.

It's a cinch to get these grand buttons. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get you a package of PEP, open the package—and there's your button, ready to pin on your sweater jacket or cap!

And tell Mom how mighty good Kellogg's PEP is for you. Delicious wheat flakes—chock-full of whole-grain nourishment—with added amounts of vitamin B, and vitamin D to help you grow into a fellow "who's got what it takes!" Get your Kellogg's PEP today and get your prize button!

SPECIAL PEP BEANIE

It's a little bit of military fun that will be your very own! It's a little bit of fun that will be your very own! It's a little bit of fun that will be your very own! It's a little bit of fun that will be your very own!



LISTEN TO

SUPERMAN

on the air—for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.



385th
Bombardment
Squadron
(ACTUAL SIZE)



70th
Bombardment
Squadron



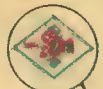
25th
Bombardment
Squadron



41st
Bombardment
Squadron



94th Pursuit
Squadron



2nd
Bombardment
Squadron

96th
Bombardment
Squadron

VB-13 VO-3

431st
Bombardment
Squadron

17th
Bombardment
Squadron

34th
Bombardment
Squadron

56th
Bombardment
Squadron

99th
Bombardment
Squadron

27th
Fighter
Squadron

424th
Bombardment
Squadron

53rd
Bombardment
Squadron

Consolidated
Vultee B-24
Liberator

Boeing B-29
Superfortress

Republic P-47
Thunderbolt

Lockheed
Lightning P-38

44th Fighter
Squadron

WATCH FOR NEW PEP BUTTONS



BATMAN



BATMAN

BOB KANE

WITH
ROBIN

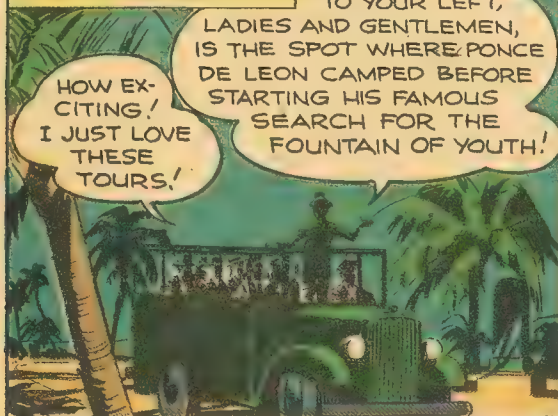
THE BOY

CROOKS DISAPPEAR! WELL, THAT'S NOTHING NEW! THE POLICE HUNT HIGH AND LOW AND FAR AND WIDE, BUT THE CRIMINALS HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR. THAT'S NOTHING NEW, EITHER. BUT WHEN A WHOLE VILLAGE DISAPPEARS, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL, THAT IS NEW! AND IT'S ALSO DANGEROUS — DANGEROUS FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN WHEN THEY SET OUT TO SOLVE THE EXCITING ENIGMA OF THE DISAPPEARING CROOKS AND THE...

"VANISHING VILLAGE!"



IN THE INTERIOR OF FLORIDA, NEAR THE HISTORIC EVERGLADES, A PARTY OF TOURISTS IS SEEING THE SIGHTS...



HOW EXCITING!
I JUST LOVE
THESE
TOURS!

TO YOUR LEFT,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
IS THE SPOT WHERE PONCE
DE LEON CAMPED BEFORE
STARTING HIS FAMOUS
SEARCH FOR THE
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

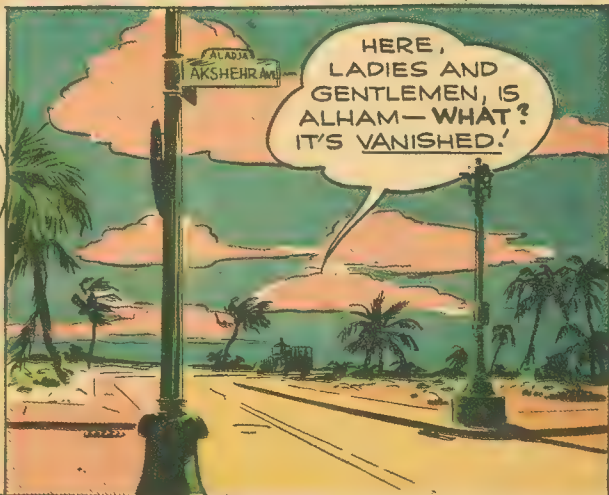
AND NOW ONE OF THE STRANGEST
SIGHTS IN THE STATE OF
FLORIDA! YOU ARE
ABOUT TO SEE THE
FAMOUS DESERTED
VILLAGE OF
ALHAMBRA!



THIS FAMOUS VILLAGE IS COM-
PLETELY PATTERNED AFTER A
TURKISH VILLAGE, IN ARCHITECTURE
AND APPEARANCE! EVEN THE
STREETS HAVE
TURKISH NAMES!



YOU WILL SEE
THIS ABANDONED
VILLAGE IN
JUST...

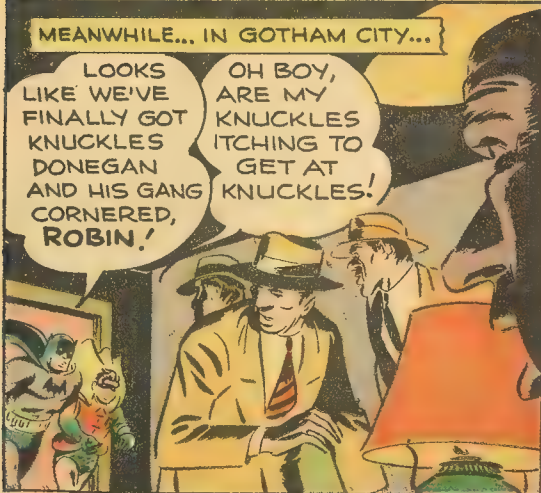


HERE,
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, IS
ALHAM—WHAT?
IT'S VANISHED!

MEANWHILE... IN GOTHAM CITY...

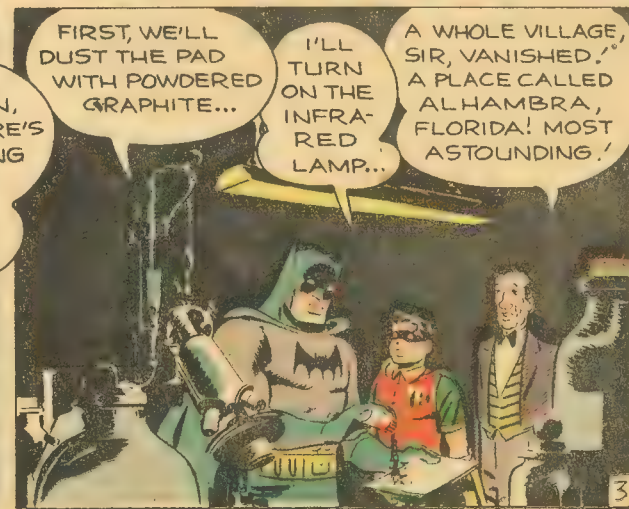
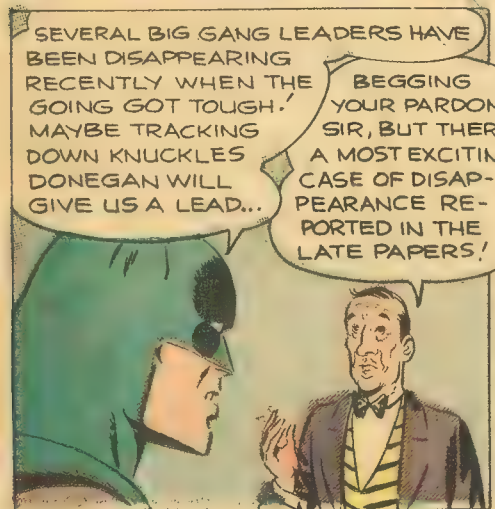
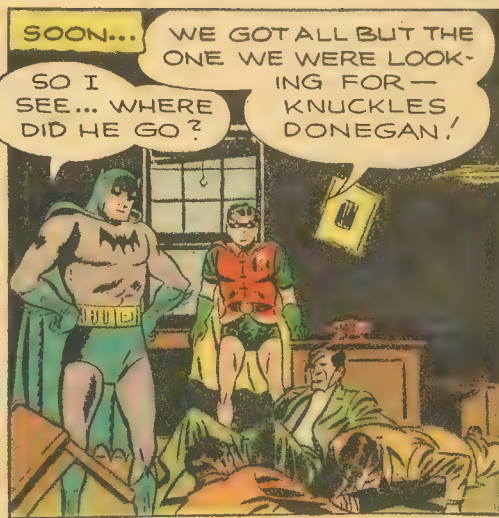
LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE
FINALLY GOT
KNUCKLES
DONEGAN
AND HIS GANG
CORNERED,
ROBIN!

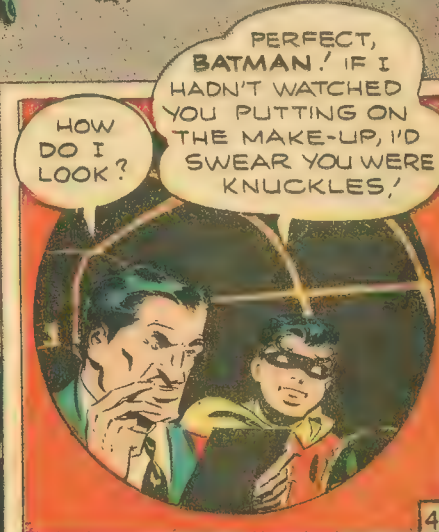
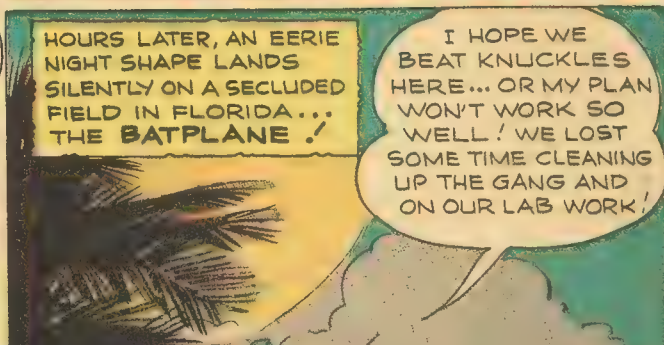
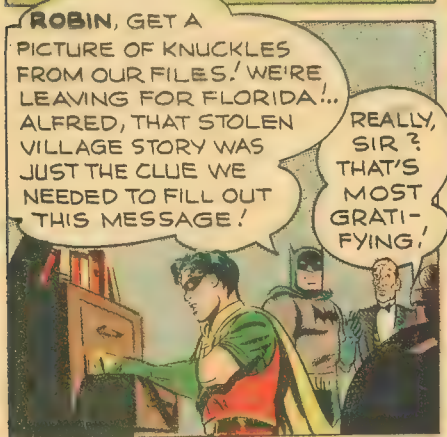
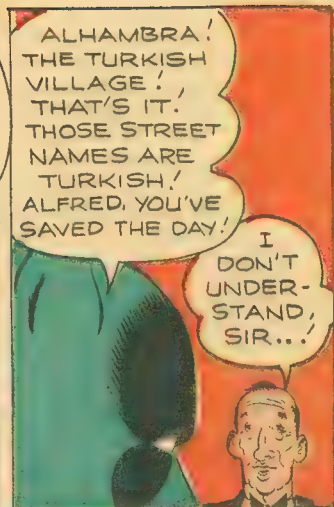
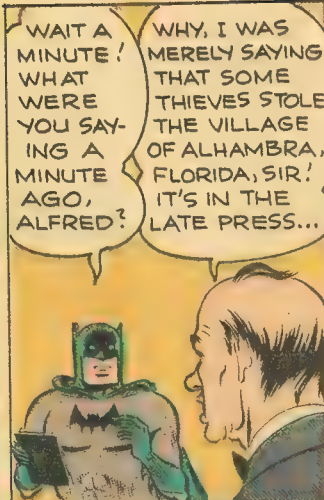
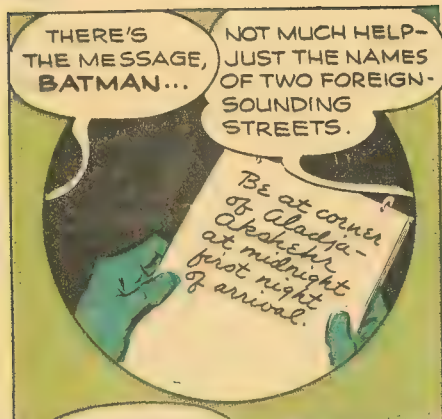
OH BOY,
ARE MY
KNUCKLES
ITCHING TO
GET AT
KNUCKLES!



YOU DON'T SEEM
HAPPY TO SEE US!
YOU SHOULD BE
MORE SOCIABLE!







AS MIDNIGHT APPROACHES, THE DISGUISED **BATMAN** WAITS NEAR A STREET SIGN WHERE ONCE STOOD THE CITY OF ALHAMBRA ...



SUDDENLY...

YOU KNUCKLES DONEGAN?

WHO D'YA T'INK I AM, DA **BATMAN**?



HO! HO! DAT'S PRETTY GOOD! YA LOOK LIKE DA PICTURE DA BOSS GIVE ME, ALL RIGHT! COME ON! I'LL TAKE YA TA DA HIDEOUT!

YA MEAN WE GOTTA WALK?



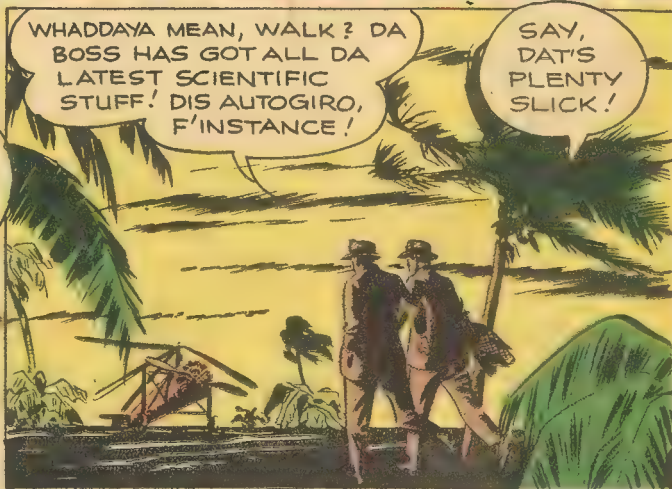
MEAN- WHILE... THE **BATPLANE** HOVERS HIGH ABOVE...

BATMAN TOOK OFF HIS TOPCOAT, WHICH IS THE SIGNAL THAT THE PLAN IS WORKING! I CAN WATCH THROUGH THESE INFRA-RED GOGGLES AND FOLLOW HIM BY THAT INVISIBLE CHALK MARK ON HIS SHOULDER!



WHADDAYA MEAN, WALK? DA BOSS HAS GOT ALL DA LATEST SCIENTIFIC STUFF! DIS AUTOGIRO, F'INSTANCE!

SAY, DAT'S PLENTY SLICK!



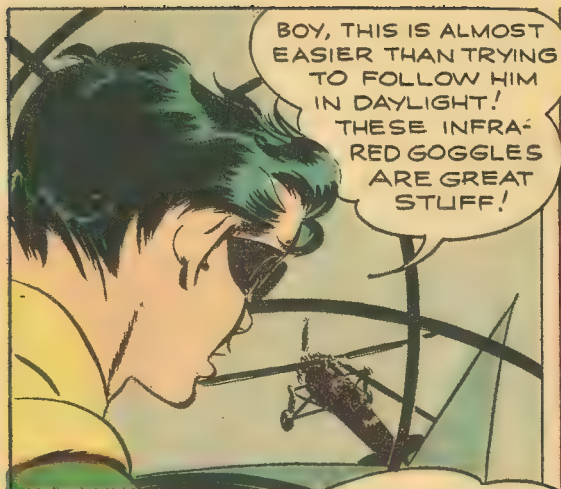
BUT AS HE CLIMBS INTO THE PLANE, **BATMAN** FURTIVELY LEAVES A CLUE TO GUIDE **ROBIN** THROUGH THE GLOOM!

SURE, EVERYT'ING WE DO IS OKAY... YOU READY BACK THERE?

ME? I'M READY FOR ANYT'ING!

ESPECIALLY NOW!

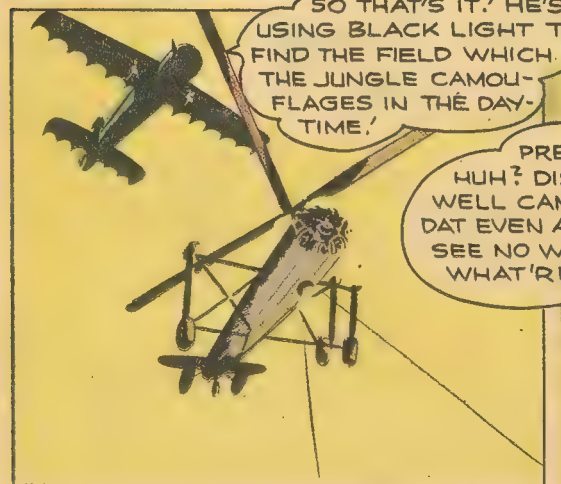
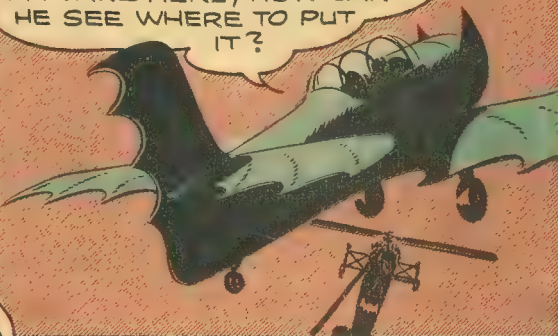




BOY, THIS IS ALMOST EASIER THAN TRYING TO FOLLOW HIM IN DAYLIGHT! THESE INFRA-RED GOGGLES ARE GREAT STUFF!

LATER, AS THE AUTOGIRO STARTS SETTLING INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE EVERGLADES, THE IMPENETRABLE SWAMP JUNGLE OF TROPICAL FLORIDA...

I DON'T GET IT AT ALL! EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO LAND A PLANE HERE, HOW CAN HE SEE WHERE TO PUT IT?



SO THAT'S IT! HE'S USING BLACK LIGHT TO FIND THE FIELD WHICH THE JUNGLE CAMOUFLAGES IN THE DAY-TIME!

AS THEY LAND AT THE CRIMINAL HIDEOUT, THE DISGUISED GANG-CRUSHER MANAGES TO LEAVE A MARK BEHIND...

PRETTY SMART, HUH? DIS JOINT IS SO WELL CAMOUFLAGED DAT EVEN A FLY COULDN'T SEE NO WAY IN!... WHAT'RE YA DOING?

JUST FIXIN' MY SHOE-LACE!

THAT'LL MARK THE FIELD SO ROBIN CAN FIND IT WHEN I GIVE HIM THE SIGNAL TO LAND...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, BATMAN IS REGISTERING IN A LUXURIOUS HOTEL IN THE VERY HEART OF THE EVERGLADES...

KNUCKLES DONEGAN, EH? I HEARD OF YOU! YOU PULLED SOME SWEET JOB, YA DID! DA BOSS'LL BE GLAD TO MEET YA, TOO! WHAT MADE YA COME DOWN HERE?

DAT BATMAN WAS GETTIN' TOO CLOSE TO ME!

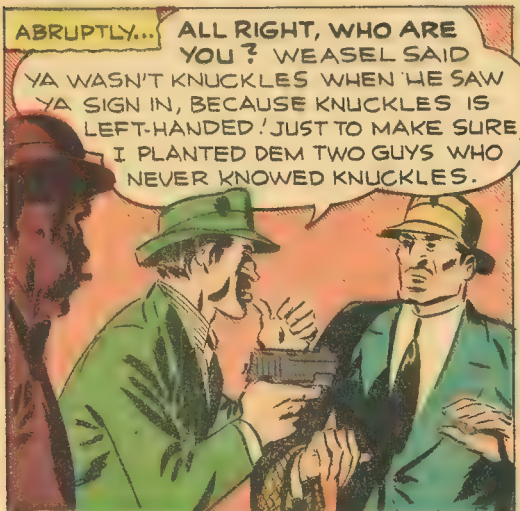
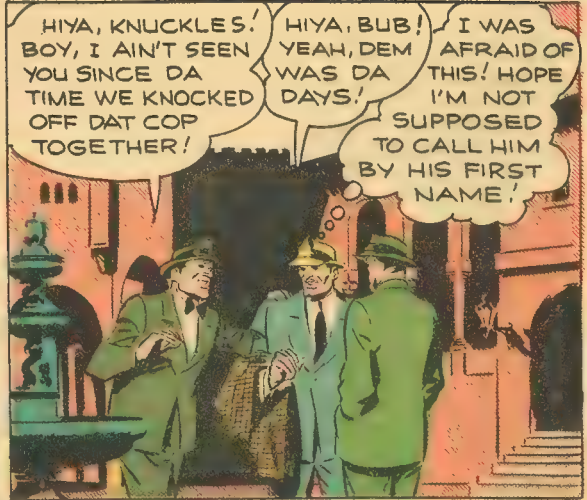


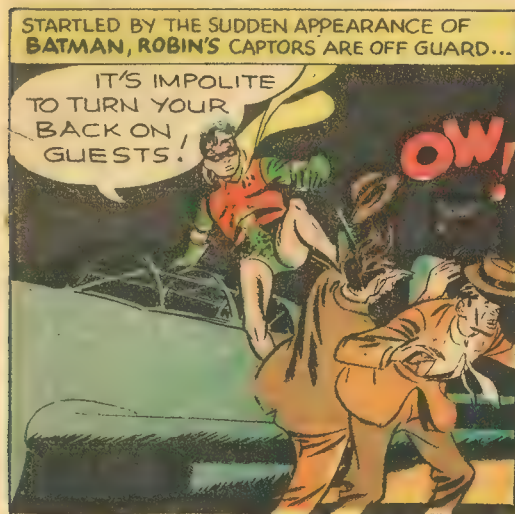
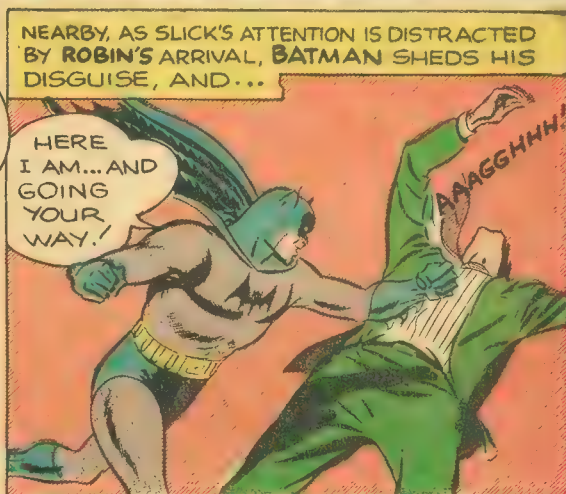
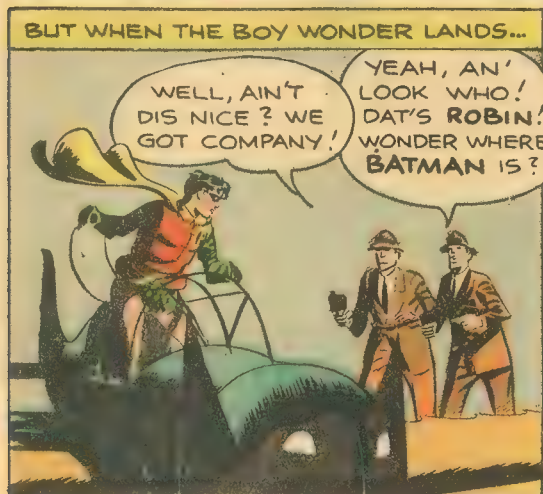
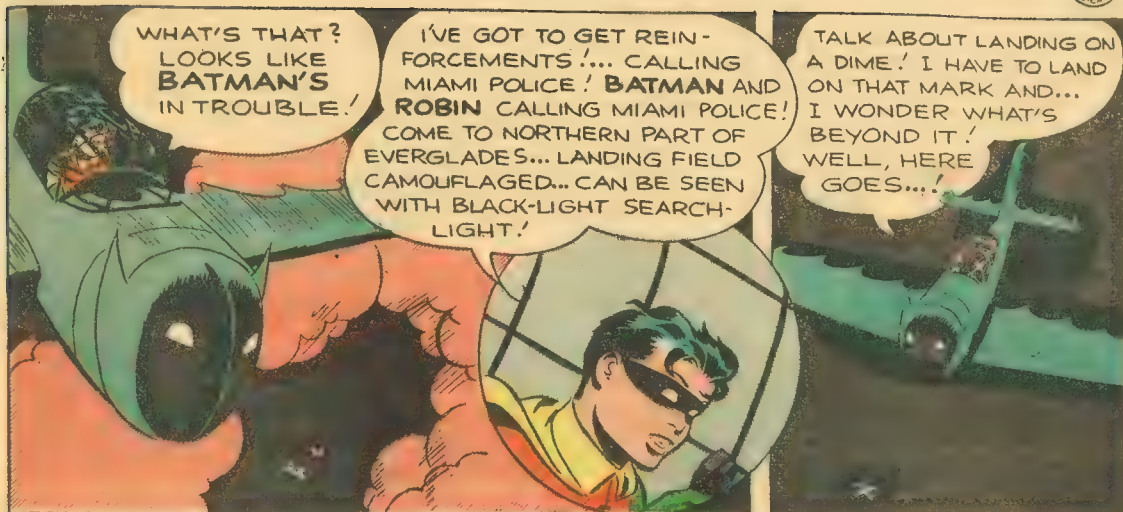
THE BOSS SHOWS THE NEW ARRIVAL THE SIGHTS...

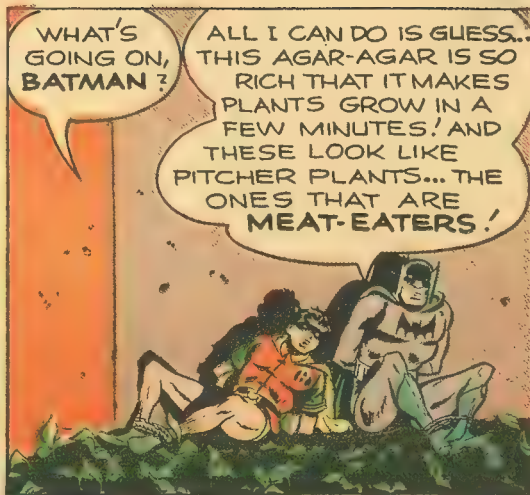
DIS IS A SWELL PLACE, BUT I'D LIKE TO GET A LITTLE SHUT-EYE, SLICK...

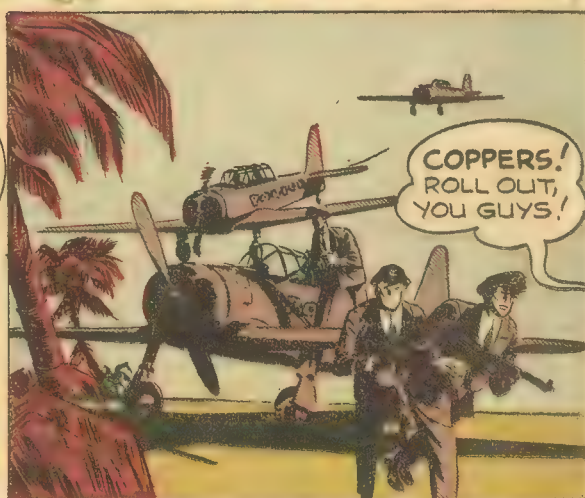
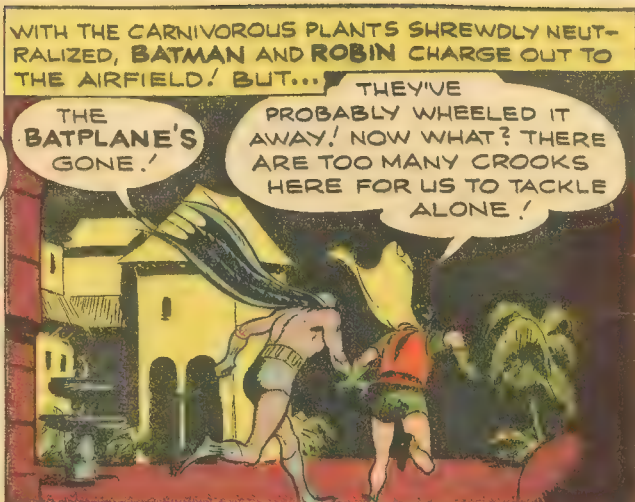
IT AIN'T EVERY DAY DAT WE GET SOMEBODY AS IMPORTANT AS YOU, KNUCKLES, AN' I WANT YA TA SEE EVERYTING!













AND IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT, BATTLE THE CAPED CRIME-CRUSHERS!

MIND SITTING THIS ONE OUT?

SAVE THE GAGS UNTIL LATER, ROBIN! THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK TO BE DONE!... THIS, FOR INSTANCE!

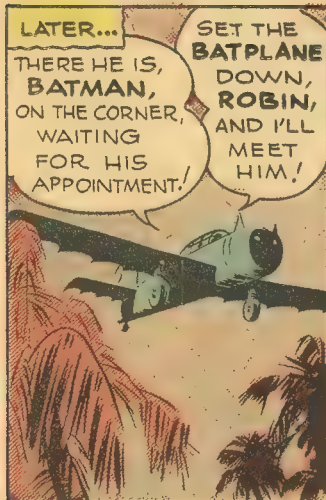


AS THE MUSICIANS SAY, SLICK... TAKE FIVE!

MATCHED IN NUMBERS, BUT OUTCLASSED IN FIGHTING ABILITY, THE CRIMINALS SOON SURRENDER...

THANKS, BATMAN! WE WERE BEGINNING TO BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE COUNTRY OVER THAT STOLEN VILLAGE, NOW WE NOT ONLY HAVE IT BACK, BUT A NICE COLLECTION OF WANTED MEN!

GLAD TO HELP, CAPTAIN, BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE MAN WE STARTED AFTER! MUSTN'T FORGET THAT!



LATER...

THERE HE IS, BATMAN, ON THE CORNER, WAITING FOR HIS APPOINTMENT!

SET THE BATPLANE DOWN, ROBIN, AND I'LL MEET HIM!



BATMAN! HOW—?

SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING, KNUCKLES... TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH A JUDGE IN GOTHAM CITY!

LATER... IN THE WAYNE HOME...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ALFRED?

I'VE DECIDED TO PUT AWAY MY BOOKS ON DETECTIVE WORK, MAWSTER DICK, NOW THAT I'VE ADVANCED TO THE STAGE OF POINTING OUT CLUES TO YOU AND MAWSTER BRUCE!

HOW DID WE EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU?



HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE

ADVERTISEMENT

VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO UNLEASHES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS TO HELP JIMMY AND INTELLIGENCE AGENTS CAPTURE A DASTARDLY SPY RING..



JIMMY, VOLUNTEER VACATION-TIME MESSENGER, PEDALS "RUSH" TELEGRAM TO MUNITIONS PLANT..

HO! WHERE IS MESSENGER GOING, PLEASE?

CAN'T STOP NOW!

SO? CANNOT STOP? WELL, WE WILL ARRANGE SLIGHT DELAY FOR HONORABLE PEDAL-PUSHER!



AND SOON, NEARBY IN A DESERTED BUILDING...

YI! WE HAVE DECODED INFORMATION OUR EMPEROR WAITS FOR!


OKAY! WE LEAVE! BUT FIRST, LET US CUT ROPE-SEND MESSENGER TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS!



SUDDENLY... BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS JAPS, VOLTO APPEARS... CALLS UPON HIS MAGNETIC POWERS...

NOT SO FAST, WITH MY RIGHT HAND I ATTRACT!

VOLTO



AND NOW FOR YOU TWO BUMS! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

WHEW! SCRATCH TWO JAPS!!

VOLTO

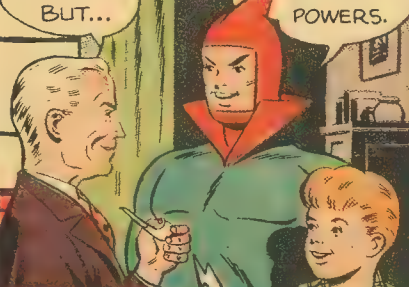


COPR 1943 GENERAL FOODS CORP

WHEN THE G-MEN TAKE OVER, VOLTO AND JIMMY PROCEED TO THE PLANT..

FINE WORK, VOLTO! AND YOU, TOO, JIMMY! I CAN'T GIVE YOU A MEDAL, BUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST GIVE ME SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL INSTEAD, SO I CAN RECHARGE MY MAGNETIC POWERS.



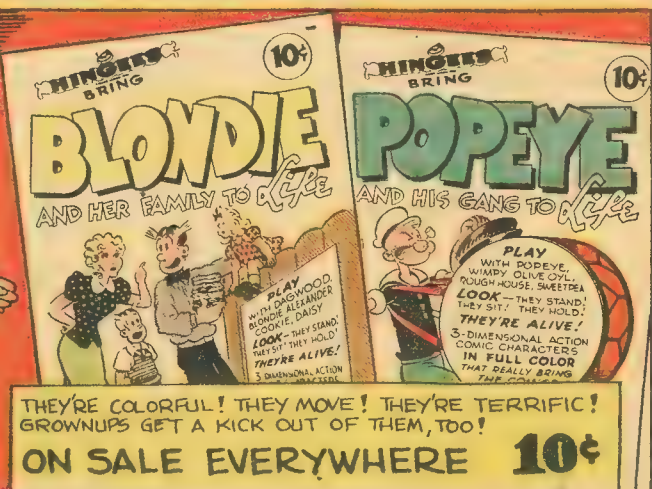
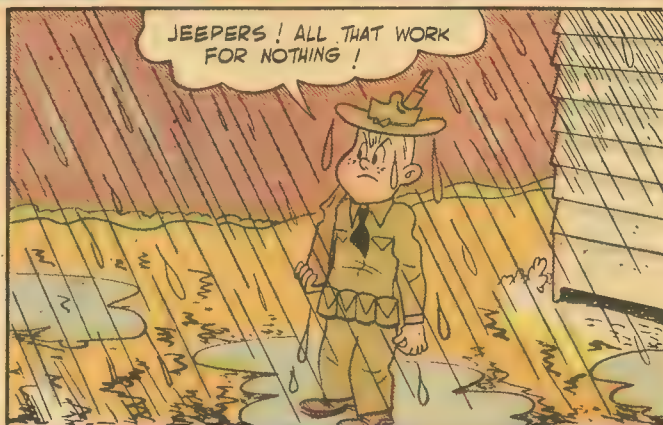
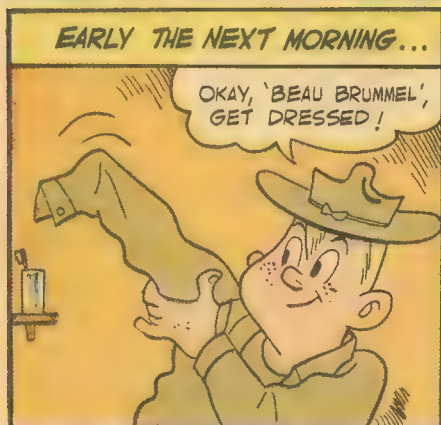
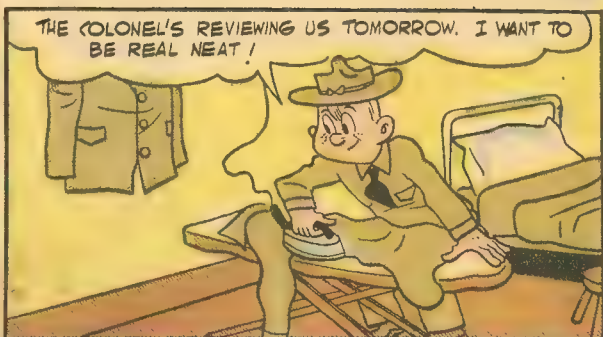
THAT'S EASY! WE KEEP THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL RIGHT HERE AT THE PLANT... GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

MAN! THAT'S THE FINEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH!

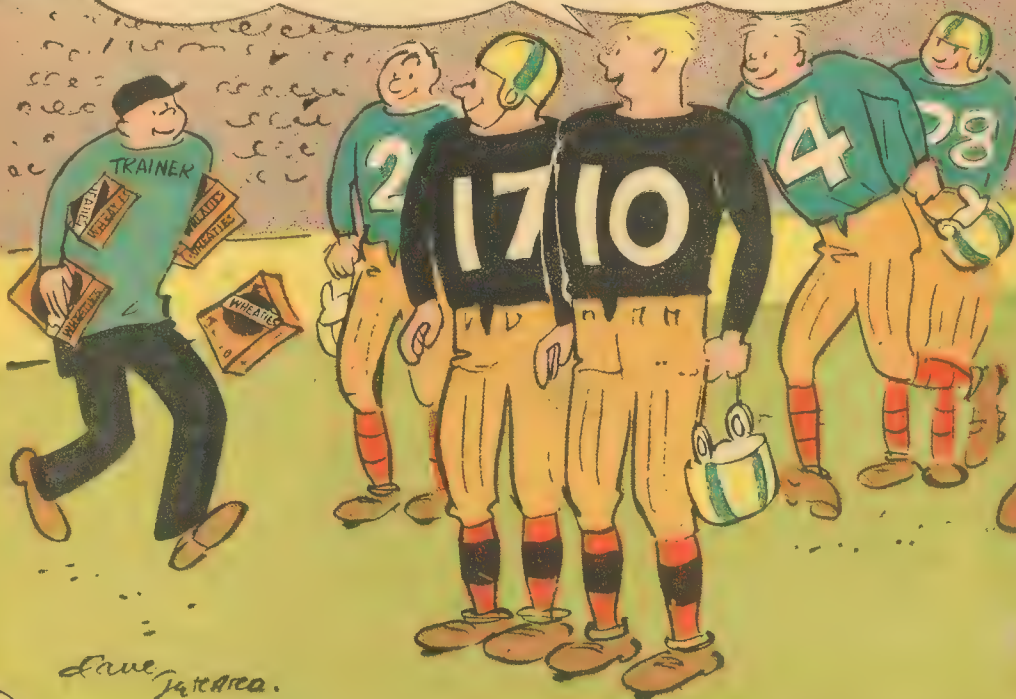


NOT JUST ON EARTH, VOLTO- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES IS THE SWELLEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL IN THE WHOLE GOSH-DARN UNIVERSE!

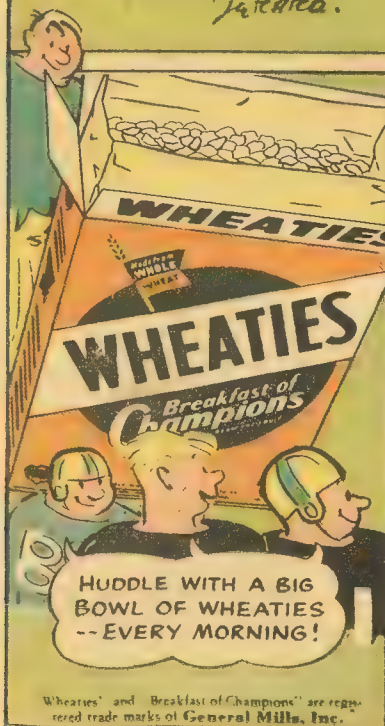




BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT
OVER THAT OLD METHOD OF RUNNING
OUT HERE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER!



Love, J. K. Area.



Wheaties® and Breakfast of Champions® are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

TIME OUT... FOR WHEATIES.

BOY! WHAT NOURISHMENT! WIDELY-KNOWN ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES... IN WHEATIES. INCLUDING VALUABLE B VITAMINS, IMPORTANT MINERALS.

BOY! WHAT FLAVOR! TANGY TOASTED TASTES IN BIG, HONEY-BROWN FLAKES. PLUS MELLOW, MALT-SWEET SYRUP. A COMBINATION OF ELEGANT EATING THAT REALLY SCORES WITH YOUR APPETITE.

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT OLD BREAKFAST... WHEN YOU ADD A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



CLOSE SHAVE

by Eddie Bell

TO some people it might have seemed like an awful lot of trouble to go to, and others just wouldn't believe anybody would think of it. This latter was just what Deuce Coe wanted. The reason he went all the way to Chicago to get that mailman's uniform from a theatrical warehouse, instead of picking one up in New York, was to get Larry McCarthy off the trail.

"Do you think even a smart detective like McCarthy is going to figure that angle out?" Deuce demanded now, as he sat in his hotel room, talking to Eddie Chayne.

It was Eddie who a month ago, had brought him the low-down on this new, proposed job.

"He couldn't figure it out in a million years," Eddie Chayne marvelled. "You sure have him running around in circles, Deuce. He'd give his eye-teeth to figure out what you're going to do next."

"He got me once," Deuce Coe said, his eyes hardening. "I just got through doing two years. It's about time he was paid back. I don't think that flatfoot is going to like what his Lieutenant will say after a big jewelry robbery breaks out in McCarthy's territory."

Eddie's eyes were excited. "How you going to pull it?"

Deuce grinned. "That would come under the heading of a trade secret, Eddie." Deuce noticed the crestfallen look. "Now, don't feel hurt, Eddie. The less you know about this thing the better. They won't be able to pin anything on you."

Yes, it was better not to tell too much to Eddie Chayne. Not that Eddie was a stoolie. It's just that he wasn't too bright. Two stretches in prison proved that. You see, Eddie always managed to overlook some little thing. You couldn't afford to do that with a smart detective like Larry McCarthy.

"Right," Eddie Chayne said. "Good-luck, Deuce." He went out, smiling. "There's a great crook, Deuce," he told himself, "He just had tough luck that last time McCarthy nailed him."

And it had been a tough break, at that. Somebody had squealed, a fence in Detroit. Thus, McCarthy had grabbed Deuce with the last of the diamond rings.

But now it was time to even the score. Deuce Coe's eyes burned as he studied his bearded face in the mirror. Larry McCarthy knew Deuce was wearing a beard now. He had kidded him about it when Deuce reported to the parole board. McCarthy, however, had not realized it was all part of the plan Deuce had put in the works—the plan that had caused him to drive to Chicago. Even buying that second-hand car had been part of the plan. The cops didn't very well go around checking every car.

The hot summer sun beat through the window in Deuce Coe's room, but Deuce was oblivious of the heat. His forehead was furrowed in thought. He was ready to move in on Larry McCarthy's territory now. And every move had to be accounted for. There would have to be a perfect alibi. An alibi fashioned of little bits that would make a perfect circle!

Like this first move, for example. Deuce carefully removed his shirt. Then he placed an electric fan on a table in front of an easy chair, and turned it on. It was a sure way of getting a cold. Smiling, Deuce seated himself in the easy chair, felt the cool air blow into his face. He closed his eyes. Tomorrow would tell the story.

It did. "You'd better stay in bed today and nurse that head cold," the hotel doctor Deuce had called said. "I wouldn't go out if I were you." He added,

"You can get a vaporizer from the drugstore in that building. I'll drop in again tomorrow morning."

Deuce could have told him about the vaporizer. But he didn't. As the doctor ordered, he sent a bellboy for it. "You sure got a pip of a cold, Mr. Coe," the bellhop said. "You'd better stay in bed."

"I'm going to," Deuce said. "I'll get my money's worth out of that vaporizer."

As soon as the bellboy had left, Deuce hopped out of bed. He spent an hour at the vaporizer, felt his head clearing. It wouldn't last long, he knew. He'd have to work fast. Every minute counted on this job.

It didn't take him long to shave off the beard. He was glad now that his face had no distinguishing mark. Besides, nobody would get to see it too clearly. He grinned. Already he had gotten used to the beard. He'd have it back on again, too—only the new beard would be false. It was safely hidden in Deuce's pillow.

Now, from the mattress he brought out the uniform. It fitted him perfectly and, though McCarthy naturally couldn't know it, was as well worn as the one the mailman in the Empire Building wore—the mailman who daily delivered to Roth's Diamond Exchange.

The uniform on, Deuce tucked a mask in the cap. He felt quite pleased with himself as he looked in a full length mirror. Yes, everything was just right. He looked at his watch, which lay on the night table, alongside the vaporizer and a half-emptied package of cigarettes. The cigarettes reminded Deuce of the shortage, set him to grumbling. He was actually rationing himself. "You would think an expensive place like this Rexford Arms would have enough cigarettes for the

(Continued on inside back cover)



BATMAN



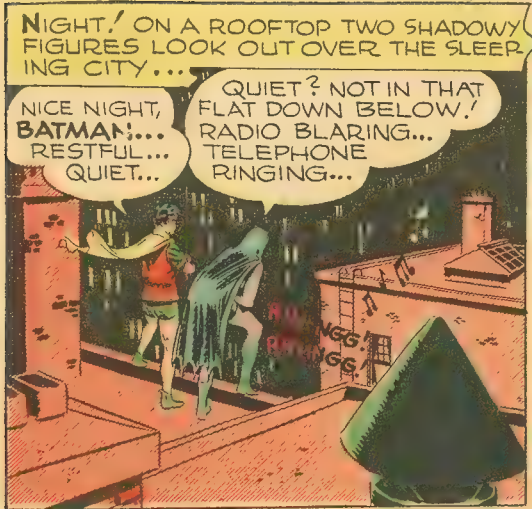
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

MANY THINGS HAVE TRADE MARKS—
BREAKFAST CEREALS, COUGH DROPS,
SHOES AND SODA POP. BUT DID
YOU EVER HEAR OF CRIME HAVING
A TRADE MARK? YES, MANY
CRIMINALS—BURGLARS, FOR
INSTANCE—HAVE SPECIAL WAYS
OF DOING THEIR NEFARIOUS JOBS,
UNIQUE METHODS THAT ENABLE
THE POLICE AND **BATMAN** TO SAY:
THIS JOB WAS DONE BY SO-AND
SO—IT HAS HIS TRADE MARK,
AND THAT'S WHY **BATMAN** AND
ROBIN ACHIEVE SURPRISING
SUCCESS AND PULL A SUCCESS-
FUL SURPRISE IN THE BAFFLING
CASE OF THE ...

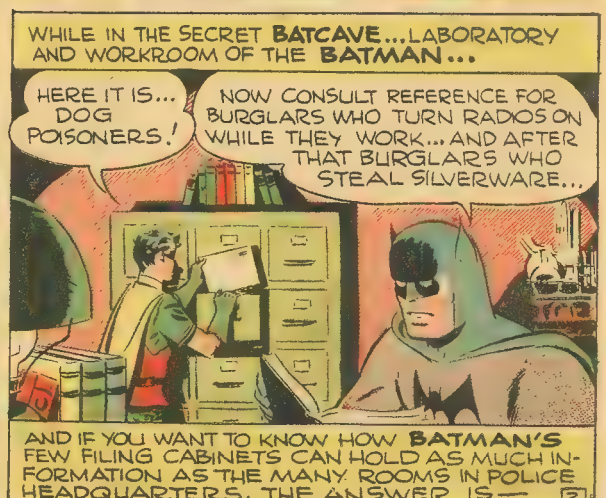
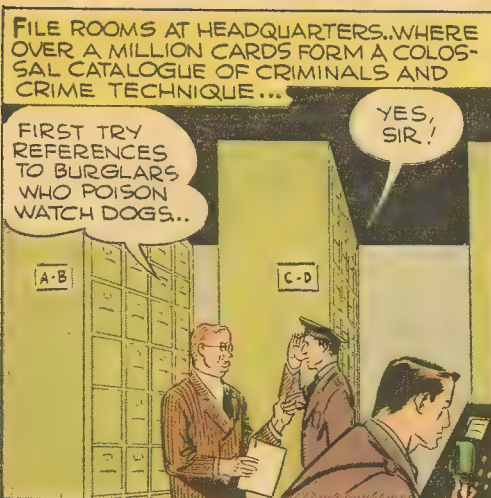
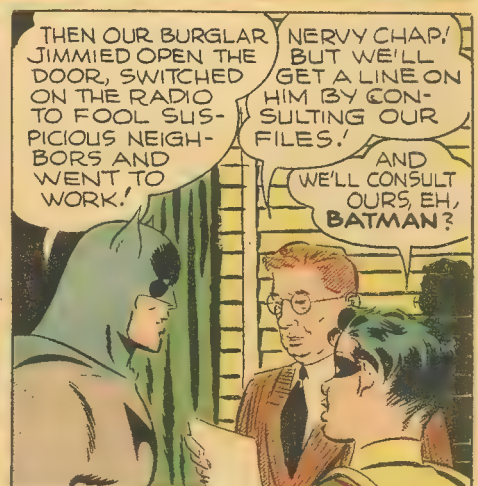
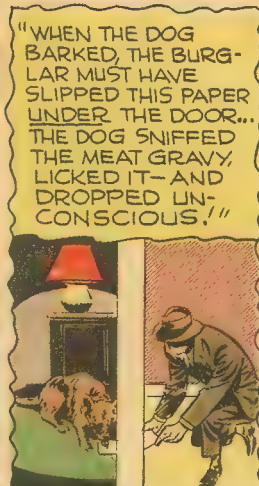
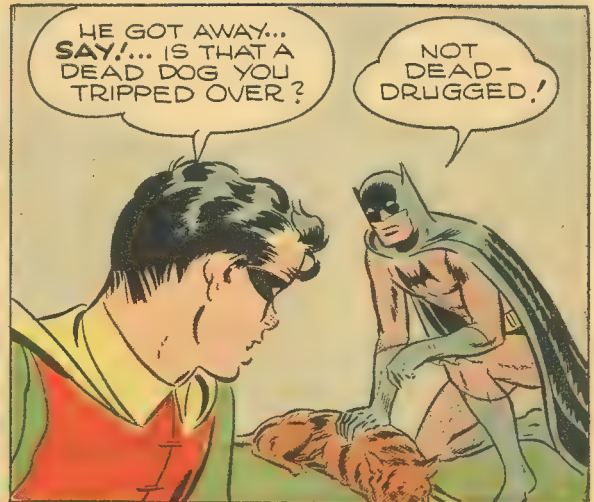
*"Trade Marks
Of Crime!"*









BATMAN

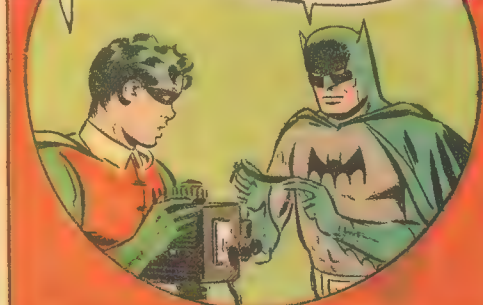


-MICRO-FILM!






STADDON, JOHN...
 ALIAS SILVER JOHN STADDON.
 5' 9" 165 lbs. Brown Eyes and Hair
 TRADE MARKS:
 USES JIMMY ON FRONT DOORS
 POISON-GRAY PAPER TO POISON DOGS
 PLAYS RADIO ON JOB.
 SPECIALTY - SILVERWARE.



THAT'S OUR MAN! BUT GEE HE MUST BE PRETTY DUMB TO USE THE SAME STUNTS ALL THE TIME!


CROOKS ARE PEOPLE OF HABIT! IF A TRICK WORKS ONCE, THEY KEEP ON REPEATING IT, EVEN AFTER THEY'RE CAUGHT AND SERVE TIME.

BATMAN PHONES COMMISSIONER GORDON...



I'M GLAD YOU CALLED. OUR FILE SHOWS THE BURGLAR IS...

SILVER JOHN STADDON... YES, I KNOW! START DUSTING OUT A CELL! ROBIN AND I ARE GOING OUT TO GET HIM!



MIKE'S TAVERN... A HANGOUT FOR THE CITY'S UNDERWORLD...



MIKE'S



I WANT YOU, STADDON!

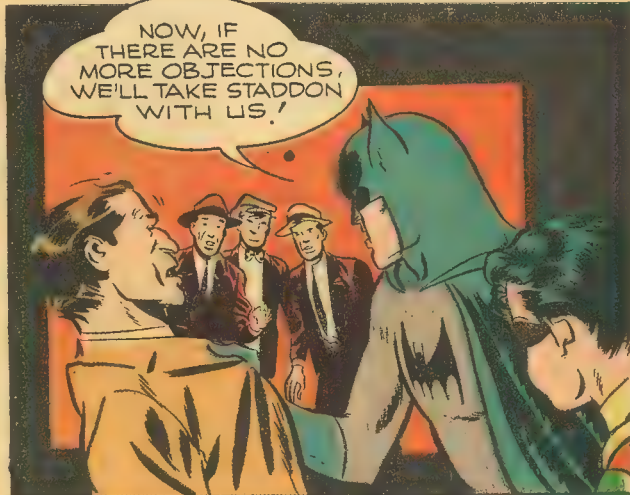
M-ME? I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'. I-I BEEN GOIN' STRAIGHT...



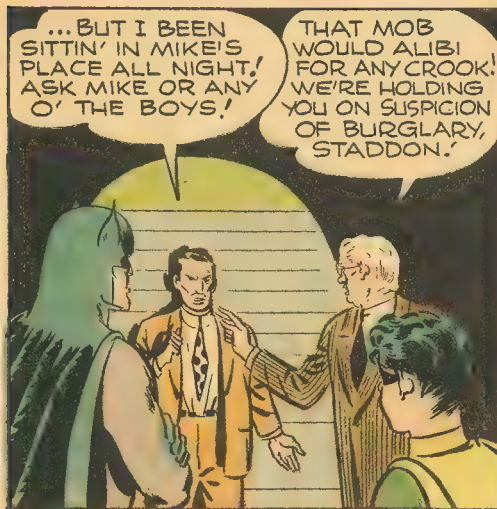
I DON'T LIKE COPPERS! A COPPER IS A COPPER... EVEN IF HE CALLS HIMSELF A FANCY NAME LIKE BATMAN...

BATMAN! BEHIND YOU!

AND NOW WATCH!
JIU-JITSU AS PRACTICED
BY THE BATMAN!

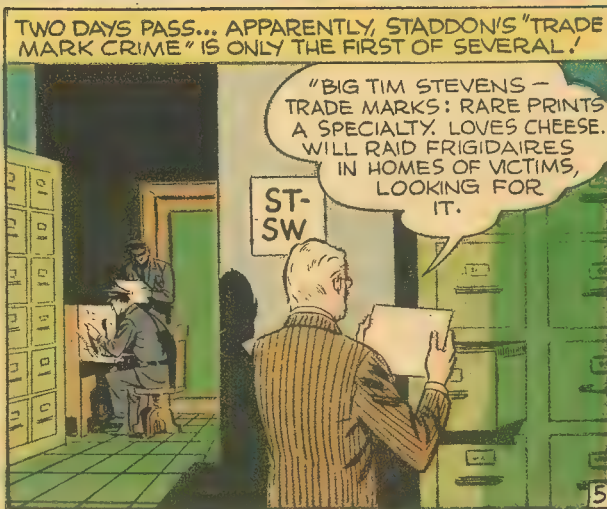


NOW, IF
THERE ARE NO
MORE OBJECTIONS,
WE'LL TAKE STADDON
WITH US!



... BUT I BEEN
SITTIN' IN MIKE'S
PLACE ALL NIGHT!
ASK MIKE OR ANY
O' THE BOYS!

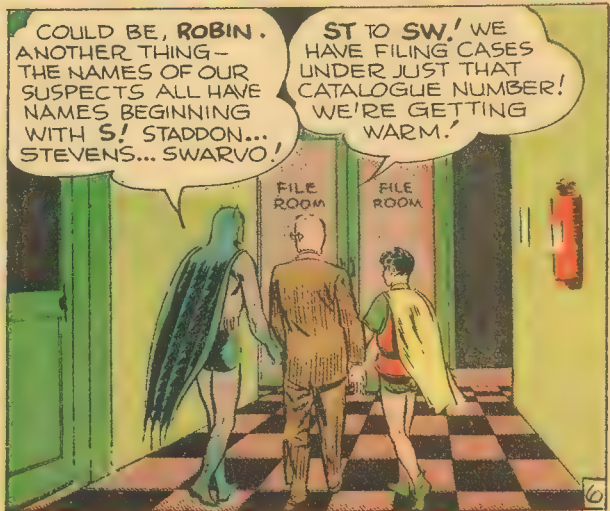
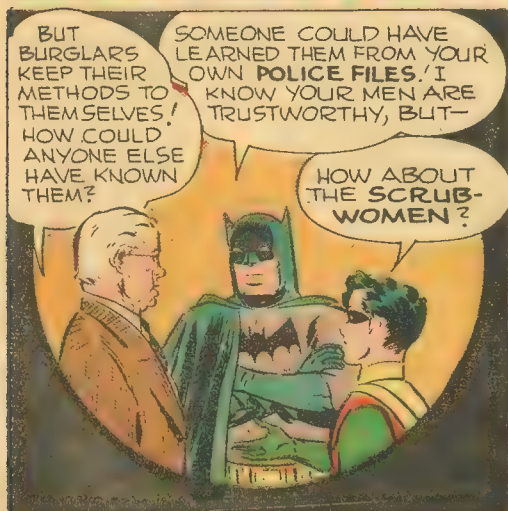
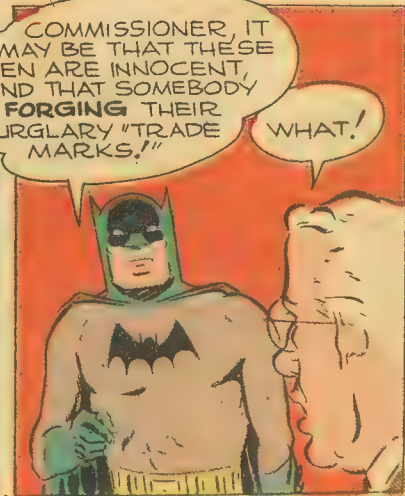
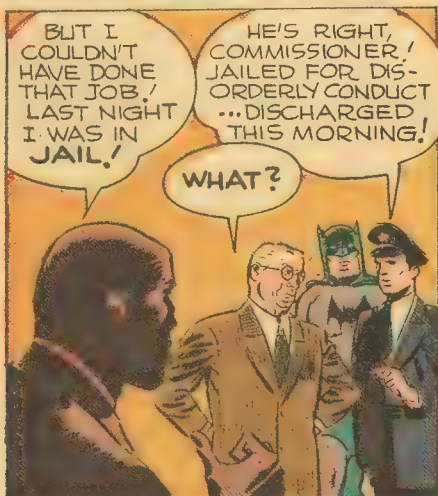
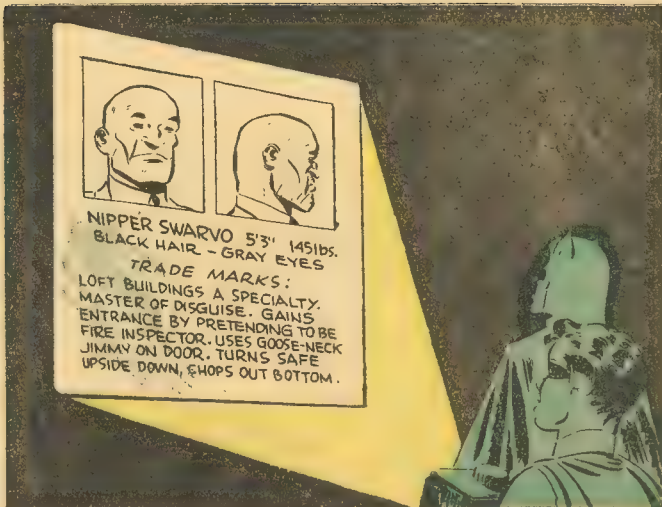
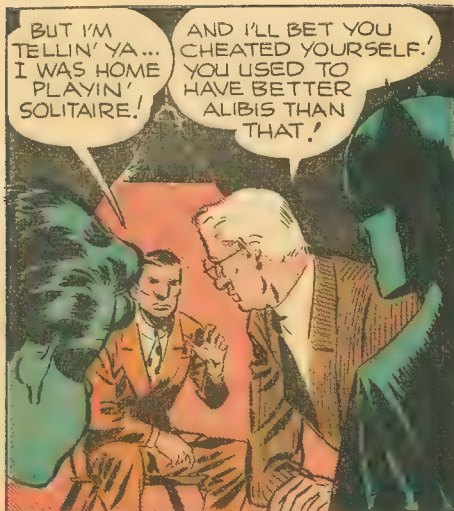
THAT MOB
WOULD ALIBI
FOR ANY CROOK!
WE'RE HOLDING
YOU ON SUSPICION
OF BURGLARY,
STADDON.



TWO DAYS PASS... APPARENTLY, STADDON'S "TRADE
MARK CRIME" IS ONLY THE FIRST OF SEVERAL!

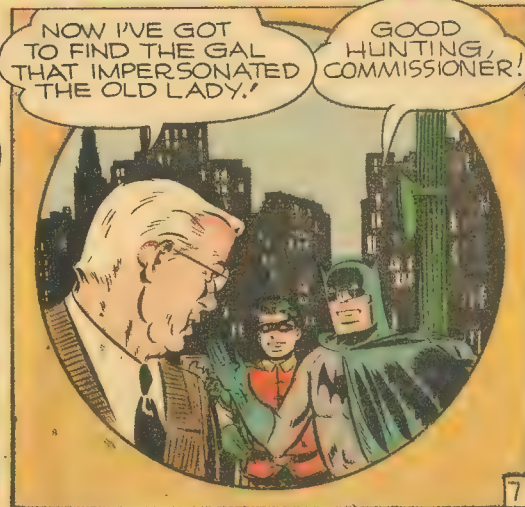
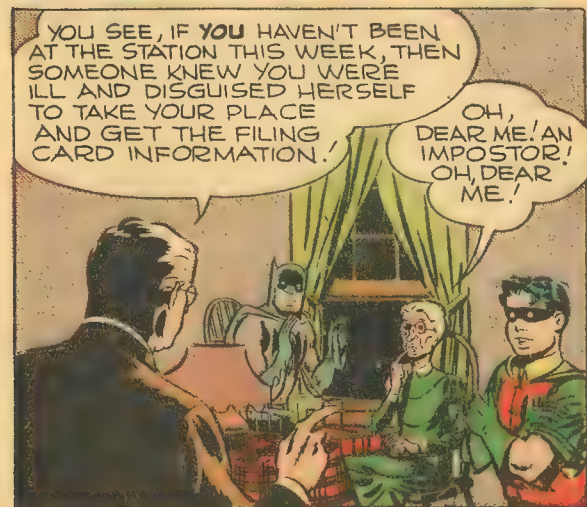
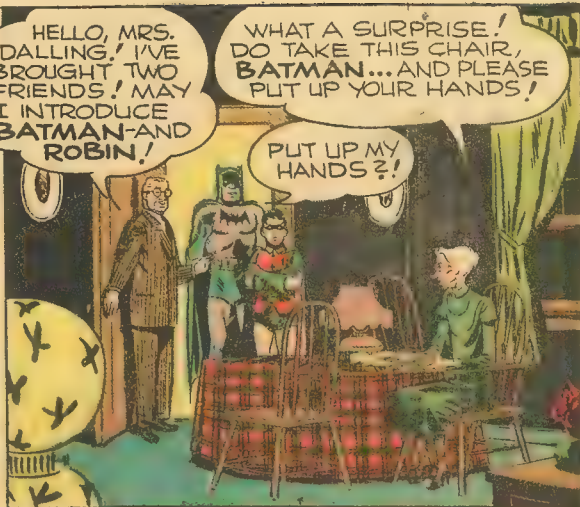
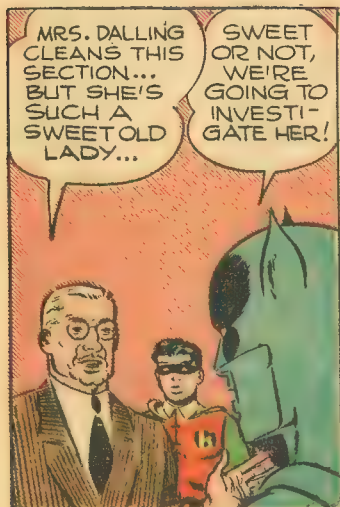
"BIG TIM STEVENS -
TRADE MARKS: RARE PRINTS
A SPECIALTY. LOVES CHEESE.
WILL RAID FRIGIDAIRE'S
IN HOMES OF VICTIMS,
LOOKING FOR
IT."

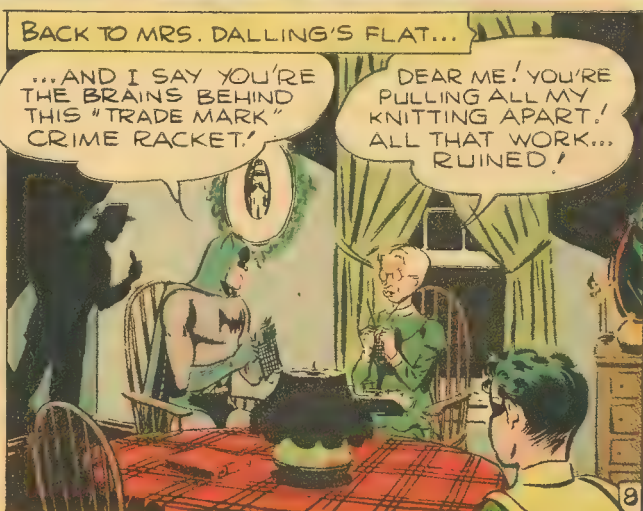
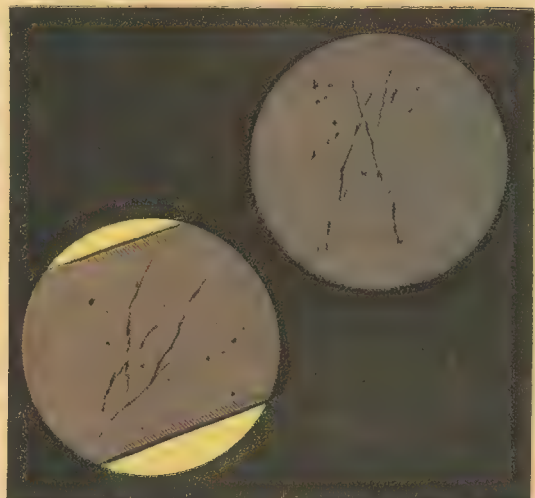
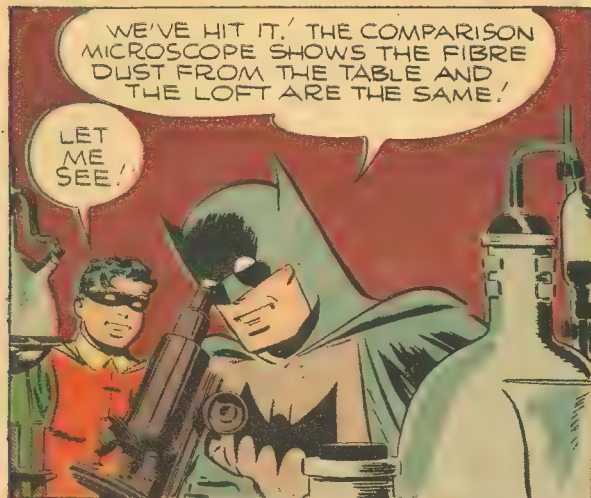
ST-
SW





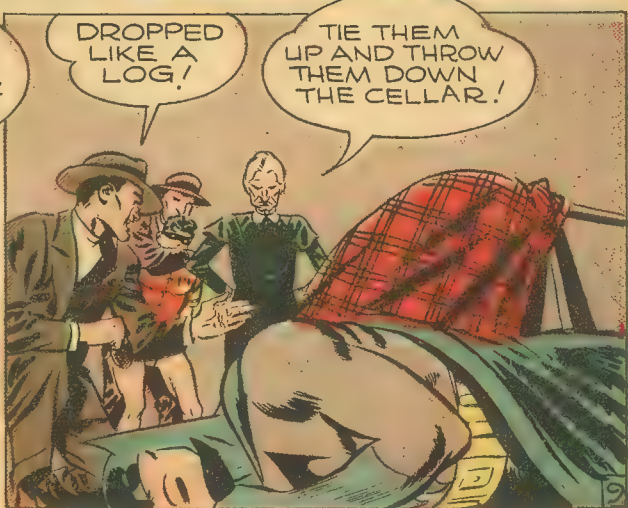
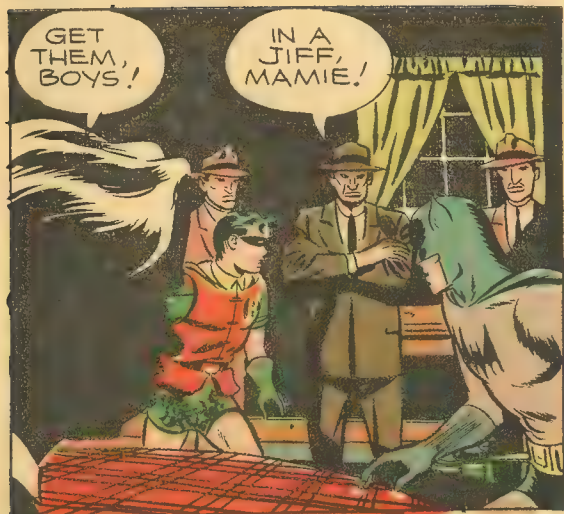
BATMAN

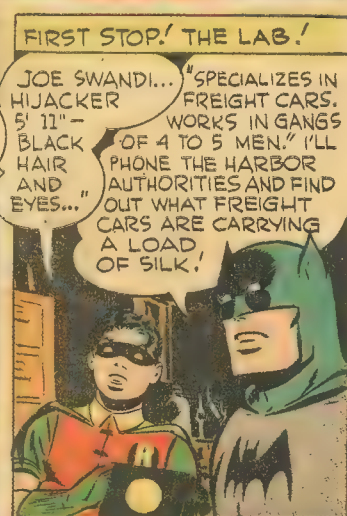
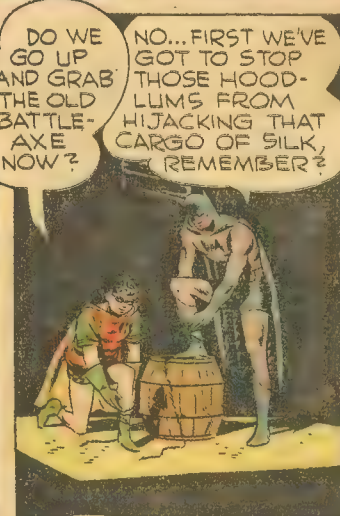
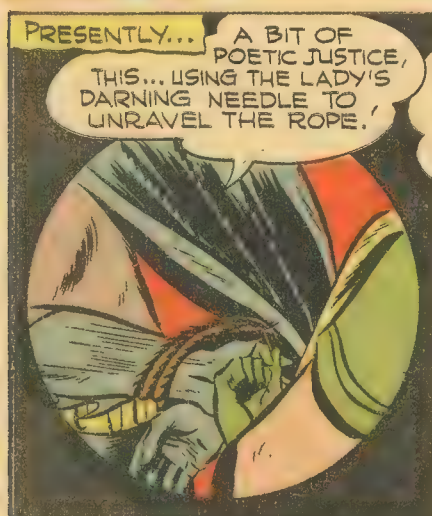
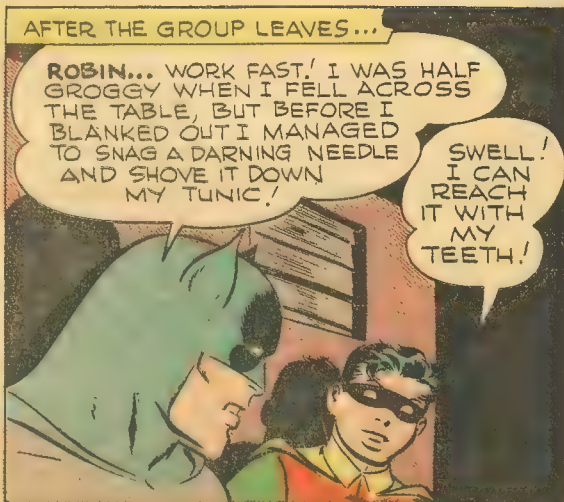
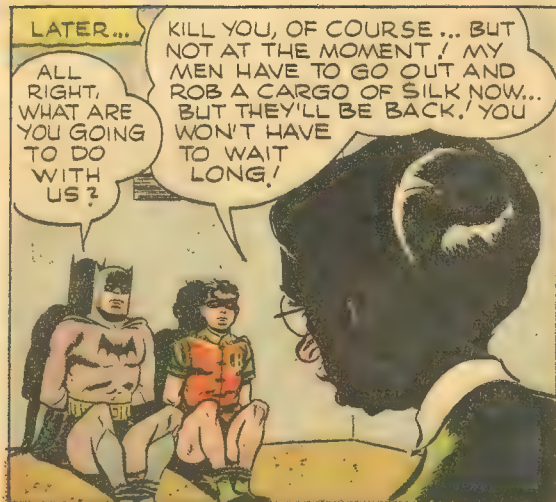






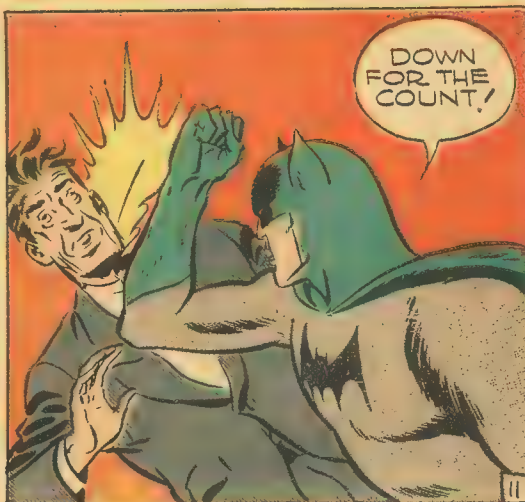
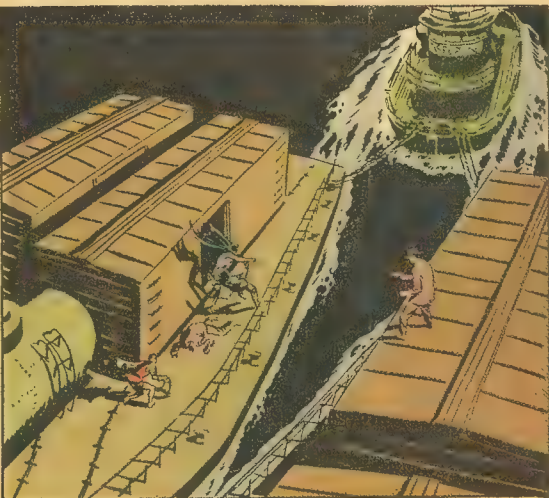
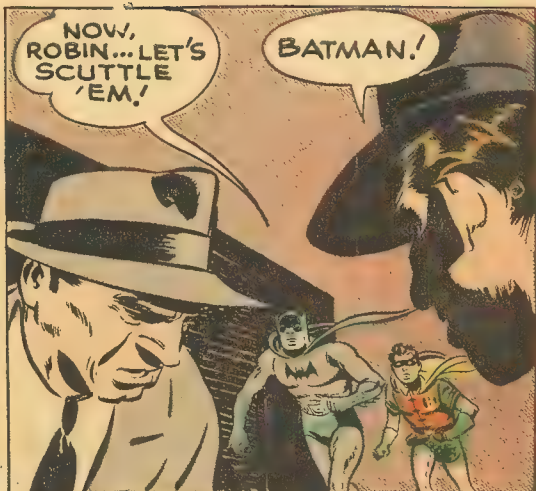
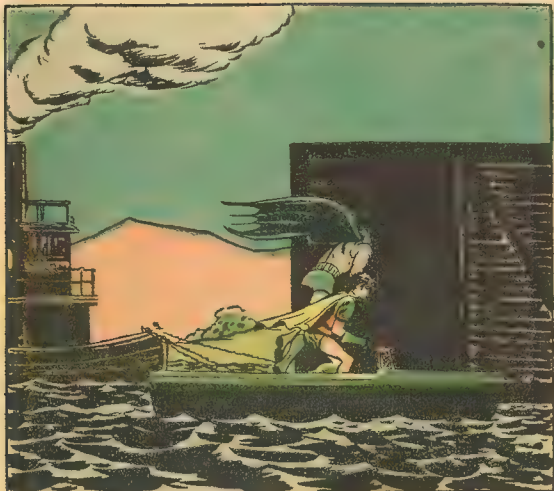
BATMAN

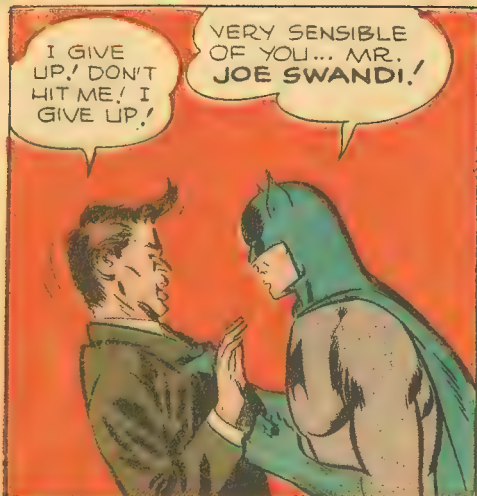






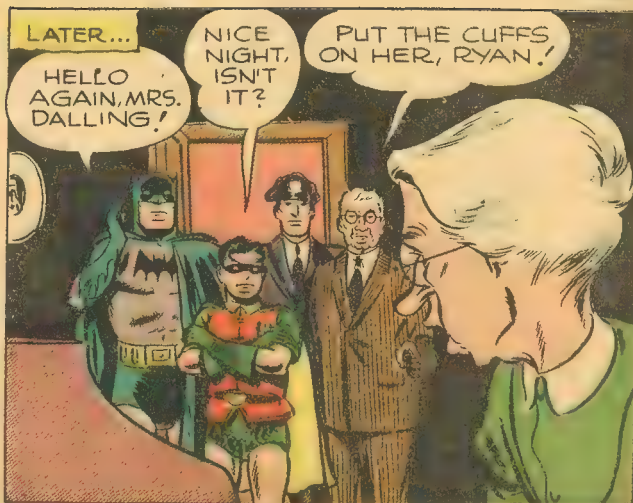
BATMAN





I GIVE UP, I DON'T HIT ME, I GIVE UP!

VERY SENSIBLE OF YOU... MR. JOE SWANDI!

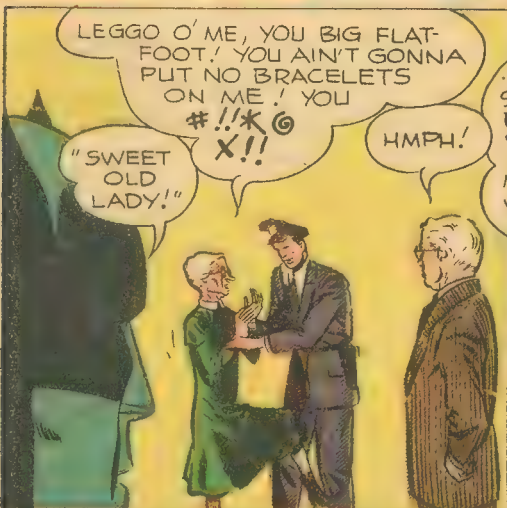


LATER...

HELLO AGAIN, MRS. DALLING!

NICE NIGHT, ISN'T IT?

PUT THE CUFFS ON HER, RYAN!

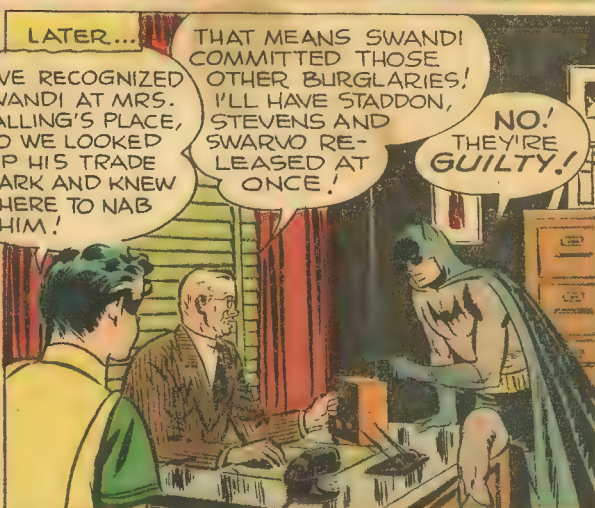


LEGGO O' ME, YOU BIG FLAT-FOOT! YOU AIN'T GONNA PUT NO BRACELETS ON ME! YOU

#!!*@ X!!

"SWEET OLD LADY!"

HMPH!

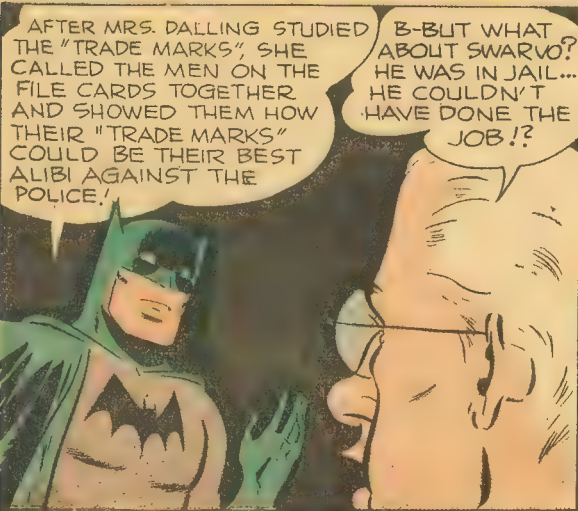


LATER...

WE RECOGNIZED SWANDI AT MRS. DALLING'S PLACE, SO WE LOOKED UP HIS TRADE MARK AND KNEW WHERE TO NAB HIM!

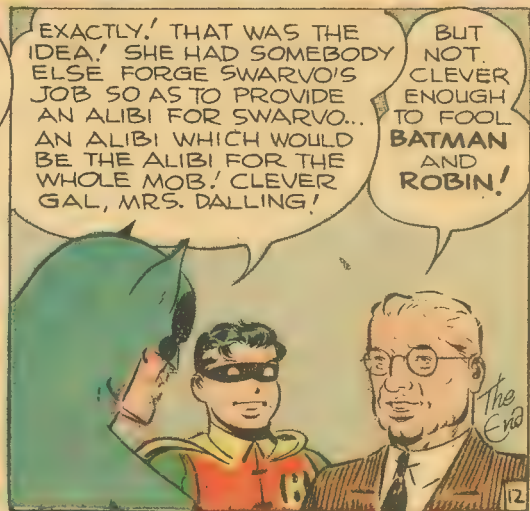
THAT MEANS SWANDI COMMITTED THOSE OTHER BURGLARIES! I'LL HAVE STADDON, STEVENS AND SWARVO RELEASED AT ONCE!

NO! THEY'RE GUILTY!



AFTER MRS. DALLING STUDIED THE "TRADE MARKS", SHE CALLED THE MEN ON THE FILE CARDS TOGETHER AND SHOWED THEM HOW THEIR "TRADE MARKS" COULD BE THEIR BEST ALIBI AGAINST THE POLICE!

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT SWARVO? HE WAS IN JAIL... HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THE JOB!?

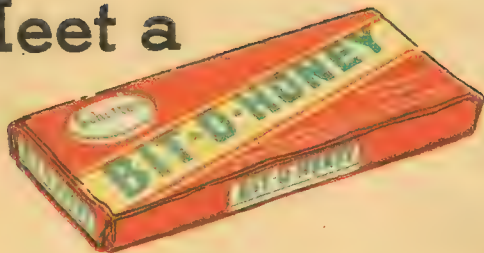


EXACTLY! THAT WAS THE IDEA! SHE HAD SOMEBODY ELSE FORGE SWARVO'S JOB SO AS TO PROVIDE AN ALIBI FOR SWARVO... AN ALIBI WHICH WOULD BE THE ALIBI FOR THE WHOLE MOB! CLEVER GAL, MRS. DALLING!

BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO FOOL BATMAN AND ROBIN!

The End

Meet a



©1945 BY
SCHUTTER
CANDY CO
ST LOUIS MO.

To get the full beauty of a sunset, you must see it... no painting can do it justice. And to enjoy the luscious goodness of BIT-O-HONEY you have to taste this temptingly different candy bar... no words can describe its delicious flavor. Try BIT-O-HONEY and you'll know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted". BIT-O-HONEY is put in six individually wrapped bite-sized pieces... so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

Eat a



5¢

A "Honey" of a candy bar

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below.

LOU GEHRIG'S name adds up to THREE—Does YOURS?

Example:

$$\begin{aligned} L &= 3, O &= 6, U &= 3, G &= 7, E &= 5, H &= 8, R &= 9, I &= 9, G &= 7 \\ 3+6+3+7+5+8+9+9+7 &= 57* \\ *5+7 &= 12 \quad 1+2 &= 3 \end{aligned}$$

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Three", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"
C-L-U are "3"	D-M-V are "4"
E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"
I-R are "9"	

YOURS FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY booklet "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

3 "Three" individuals possess an engaging, free and easy manner and a fine sense of humor which win them many friends. Ambitious, independent, they have both creative ability and initiative. Conscientious, capable, they often rise to high authority.

"BIT-O-HONEY"
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo.

NC3

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name _____
(please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

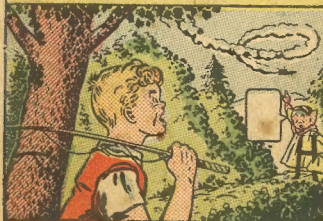
If you are under 18, check here. _____
Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

OFFER EXPIRES DEC 31 1945

How THOM McAN SAVED THE FLAMING '40'

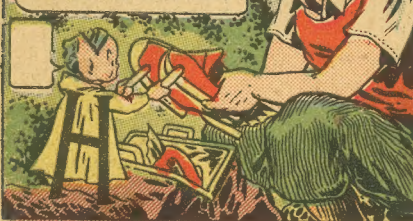
WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THE '40' IS ON FIRE! WALKING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST BELOW, THOM McAN AND HIS SILENT LITTLE PAL "H" SEE THE GIANT 40-PASSENGER PLANE SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A CLEAR PLACE TO LAND.



NO PLACE TO LAND! NOTHING BUT TREES FOR MILES - WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

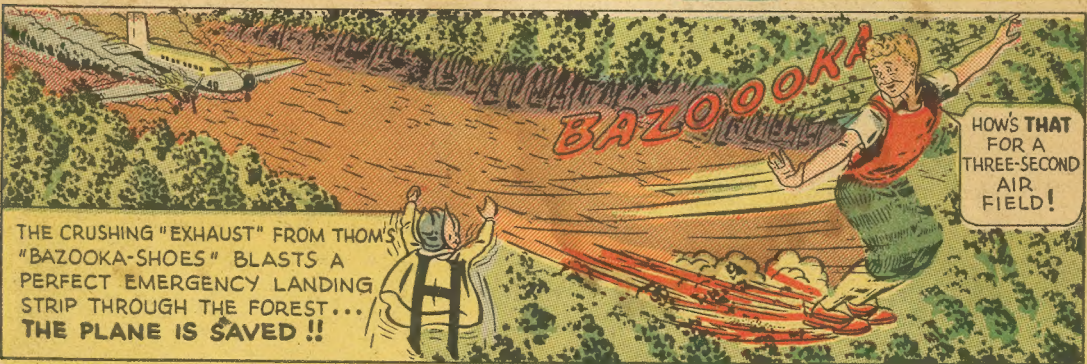
GEE, "H", I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS! WAIT, I HAVE IT - PUT THOSE SMOKE-MAKING CAPSULES IN MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



QUICKLY THOM STEPS INTO HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" - AND STREAKS SKYWARD AS "H" WATCHES HIM GO!



THE TRAIL OF SMOKE FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SPELLS OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO THE STARTLED PILOT.



THE CRUSHING "EXHAUST" FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" BLASTS A PERFECT EMERGENCY LANDING STRIP THROUGH THE FOREST... THE PLANE IS SAVED !!

HOW'S THAT FOR A THREE-SECOND AIR FIELD!



THOM, YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SAVED OUR LIVES LIKE... WELL, LIKE THE WAY THOM McAN SHOES SAVE OUR FEET!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN" - ALWAYS SILENT. ('T'HE 'H' IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD)

- AND THOM McAN SHOES WILL AMAZE YOU TOO!

You can't help being thrilled over the swell features of THOM McAN'S Solid comfort from toe to heel! Snappy styling high school and college crowds go for! Yet priced remarkably low! Keen styles for men too. When you buy your next Thom McAns - take Dad along!



THE THOM McAN X22
Sizes 1 to 5½. Similar Shoe
for Men - Style 3680 - Sizes
6 to 11.



Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES

tenants," he grumbled. "One pack a day." His grumbling increased as he looked vainly on the table for a match. They used to leave a few packets every day, now he was lucky to get one. He finally found an almost used packet in one of his suits. He lit a cigarette, put the matches in his pocket, and went back to the vaporizer, where he inhaled deeply.

Five minutes later he went out of the building, using the service entrance. To all intents he might have been a mailman going to work. He wasn't. He was a crook, pulling a job on a rigid schedule, a schedule carefully timed by Eddie Chayne.

And it went right on time. As Eddie had figured, the mailman would be on the tenth floor of the Empire Building. He was. He was also unconscious, an inert heap in a janitor's closet, a moment later. No cleaning women would be near the closet until nightfall, Eddie had assured Deuce.

Deuce wasn't worried about that as he rang the bell which would open the locked door of Roth's Diamond Exchange on the eleventh floor. Deuce was carrying the mailman's pouch, and under the pile of letters in his hand was a gun. The mask was in the sack.

An employee let him in, said: "It's the mailman, Mr. Roth."

Then: "Damn it, no matches again. Got a match, mailman?"

For a moment Deuce, who had put down the sack and turned his back to the employee in order to don his mask, was startled. He reached into his pocket. "Better get this guy off guard," he told himself. Without looking up, he handed over the matches.

The startled employee dropped both cigarette and match when he saw the masked mailman with the gun. The gun covered Roth, his diamond cutter, and the employee. "Get against that far wall," Deuce snarled, "and don't turn around until I say so."

They did as directed. Deuce cleaned the diamonds from the

safe in a moment. They almost filled the big handkerchief he had bought. Almost a quarter of a million dollars worth, Deuce's expert eye appraised. "Remember, don't move." He made sure of it. He struck the three of them from behind.

Then he was out on the street, hurrying toward the avenue. He was rid of his pouch, having left it in Roth's.

Eddie Chayne was waiting at the bus stop on Fifth and 48th. No sign of recognition passed between him and Deuce as the latter boarded the bus. Eddie followed, sat next to Deuce but said nothing.

Ten blocks later Deuce left. Eddie already had the diamond-filled handkerchief securely hidden away on his person. Ten minutes later, right on schedule, Deuce was in bed, looking at his watch. He had donned his false beard. And the mailman's costume even now was burning in the incinerator, which went on, twice a day at the same time. When Deuce dropped the clothes in the chute in the hall, he made sure it was burning.

Happily, Deuce breathed deeply of the vaporizer. He'd be rid of this cold in a couple of days. He closed his eyes and lay back in bed. Maybe today, maybe tomorrow, McCarthy would be around. He didn't care. He had a wonderful alibi. The doctor would vouch for the cold. And no one had seen Deuce enter or leave the building.

Nevertheless, he was a trifle surprised when McCarthy arrived only three hours later. It was mid-afternoon. Deuce blinked as he saw McCarthy's companion. It was the employee from Roth's.

Deuce said: "What is it, McCarthy? Can't a guy enjoy a cold?"

Detective McCarthy ignored him. "Recognize this man, Mr. Shapiro?"

Shapiro shook his head. "No, no," he said nervously. "This... this mailman who hit me didn't have a beard."

Deuce stared at the witness,

then spoke to McCarthy. "I think I've got a lawyer who can do something about your questioning me, McCarthy. The house doctor here will tell you I never left this room." His voice took on an injured tone. "This is just persecution, McCarthy, and I want you to know—" He halted for a moment. A sudden chill passed through him. McCarthy seemed too sure of himself. Quickly, the entire sequence of events passed in review before Deuce's mind, reassuring him. Not a thing had gone wrong, every minute had been accounted for.

McCarthy seemed almost to be thinking out loud, although he addressed his remarks to his nervous companion. "Of course that unshaven picture of Deuce Coe I showed you at headquarters is two years old, Mr. Shapiro, which may account for your indecision." His lips set and he moved toward the bathroom. Then he paused, drew his gun. "You'd better find Deuce's razor for me, Mr. Shapiro," he said. "No smart con will ever turn his back on this guy."

Deuce sat bolt upright in bed, afraid to reach for the gun beneath his pillow. "You can't shave me," he screamed. "You've got no right. I'll yell for help." His voice shrilled through the room. "You're persecuting me. You've got no evidence against me. You have no authority to shave me!"

McCarthy's voice was cool and deliberate. "This will do until I get some, Deuce. The phony mailman who robbed Roth's Diamond Exchange today handed them to Mr. Shapiro."

Deuce sank back, beaten, as he looked at the object in McCarthy's ungloved hand. A packet of matches with the name "Rexford Arms" clearly printed in black and gold.

"I'm ready to shave him," Mr. Shapiro's voice said from the bathroom door. His confidence had returned. This Detective McCarthy seemed to know his stuff.

LOST AND FOUND



...it was a package of
Cookies
made with



Candy

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

BATMAN
No.31



BATMAN

Yoc Edit
No. 1101

OCTOBER 08, 2022

